



No. 417.—Vol. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST YEAR BY MESSRS. GUNN AND STUART, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



## THE QUEEN.

THERE can be, there is, but one sentiment at this time in the hearts of the English people, no matter in what part of the world they dwell—but one feeling throughout the wide British Empire with respect to our most gracious and well-beloved Queen, for whose condition, at the moment when these words are written, the worst is feared. Before this shall have met the eyes of our readers, a great life, a good life, a noble life may have ended.

The life of Her Majesty, it has been well said, is without a parallel in history—is pre-eminently without a parallel in this, that every one of her subjects has, as it were, a personal interest in her, and, now that the dread visitant has darkened her chamber, each and all of us experience the profoundest personal sorrow. It is not only the Sovereign for whom we grieve, but for the Mother and the Friend.

There has never been evoked a more spontaneous, a more amazing expression of sympathy, of concern, than that produced by the announcement of Her Majesty's illness, throughout the globe. This expression, as sincere as universal, is most impressive, and must give us all a fuller and deeper sense of the great place occupied by the Queen, of the incomparable dignity and authority of the position she held in the estimation of the whole civilised world. This is not the place, nor is it yet the time, to make an analysis of the reasons which underlie this magnificent tribute—so uplifting and consoling to the Royal Family and to every son of the Empire, who, however, cannot fail to see in it a testimony to the virtues, the principles, the devotion to duty, and the other great qualities which have guided the Queen throughout her life—

A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

What the British Empire owes to the Queen in the sixty years and more of her reign, who shall say? Most of us now are accustomed to think of the Empire as it exists at present—an Empire far larger and infinitely more powerful than that of Rome at its zenith. But few of us realise to what an extent the Empire has grown during the Victorian period. Leaving out of sight Egypt and the Soudan, the reign has added more than three million square miles to our possessions, or very nearly a quarter of the whole. Something like two hundred and fifty millions of people have been added to the population of the Empire since Her Majesty ascended the throne. If we look at a map of the world as it was sixty years ago, and as it is now, we can see how the Empire has extended in all directions.

From the very nature of the case, it is difficult to estimate what part the Queen played in all these various enlargements of her dominions, but it is well known that Her Majesty took the greatest possible interest in every one of them.

There are many acute observers who think—and doubtless with considerable truth—that it was, and is, devotion to the Queen, as Queen and Woman, which has far more than anything else held the Empire together. After all, it is sentiment which rules the world, and it is not too much to say that the moving, affecting, and inspiring spectacle of this august lady, as the Head and Bond of Empire for so many years, has joined British hearts and hands all over the globe in a way which might otherwise have been impossible.

To take the case of our Colonies, which, and rightly, we now consider so important a factor in the life of the Empire. It is, without question, the personal loyalty and affection which the Queen inspired in the breasts of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and others that have influenced them in rallying with joy and pride, as they do at this time, to the common Flag. Thus strong has been the attractive power of Her Majesty's character and life; thus potent in Imperial issues has been the influence of a true and splendid womanhood such as, in the world's history, has never been surpassed.

If such, then, has been the influence of Her Majesty on the Empire that lies beyond these Islands, what has it not been in this country itself? Not only has she been a model of what a Constitutional Monarch should be, but she has entered into the common life of her people to such an extent, and has shared her own life with them so fully, that the epithets which characterise the name Victoria, and which naturally rise to the lips of her subjects, are Victoria "the Good" and Victoria "the Well-Beloved."

No Sovereign has ever known better than she how by a word, by sometimes the most simple act, to go straight to the hearts of her people. And it should be added that the enormous direct and indirect influence of the Queen has always been exercised for the most beneficent ends. True, she has been well served by a succession of illustrious statesmen and splendid officers in various capacities, but, in political experience, sagacity, and insight, the Queen has long been the first "statesman" in the land.

Revered, beloved, enthroned in the hearts of her people, venerated by the whole world, the Queen leaves to the Empire, as a most precious gift, the memory, at once majestic and inspiring, of her pure and noble life both as Sovereign and as Woman.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Lamentable News from Osborne—The Ceremonies at Berlin—The Duke of Connaught—The Kaiser and Englishmen.*

WITH the fear and dread of imminent mourning before them, Clubmen spoke with bated breath of the sad news from Osborne. That the events of 1900 should have affected Her Majesty greatly was only to have been expected, and the death of Lady Churchill, who was not only a devoted member of the Royal Household, but also a very close personal friend, succeeding the losses in the Royal family circle which have occurred during the year now gone, is said to have been especially felt by the Queen.

The Kaiser has always shown a deferential devotion to Her Majesty, his grandmother. He has made very long journeys on more than one occasion to be present at a family gathering, and the promptitude with which, on receiving the news of Her Majesty's illness, he quitted Berlin and its fêtes and journeyed to Osborne is but another proof of the strong bonds of affection which unite all the blood-relations of our Royal Family.

The Duke of York has found it necessary, in consequence of Her Majesty's illness, to suspend the preparations for his voyage to Australia. That very loyal Commonwealth will not, I hope, be robbed of the Prince's presence eventually.

It is said that no monarch has ever had such a genius for the organisation of pageants as the present Kaiser, and the celebrations of the Bicentenary of the creation of the Kingdom of Prussia have been very impressive, as well as very gorgeous. The Order of the Black Eagle is a modern institution of chivalry compared to the Garter or the Golden Fleece, the two decorations which rank the highest of all the great Orders of Christendom; but no Order of Knights has such an impressive ceremony at its gathering as the highest one of the Prussian Kingdom. The heralds, in their uniform of the pattern established two hundred years ago, the fanfares on the great silver trumpets, the King of Prussia—for the Kaiser, for the moment, sinks the Emperor in the King—seated on the golden throne with his scarlet-cloaked Knights ranged before him in secret council, all this has the true ring of the traditions of chivalry.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was the representative of Great Britain at the ceremonies in Berlin, and no envoy could have been better chosen, for he was a Prince among Princes and a soldier among soldiers, and the Prussians, themselves intensely patriotic, honour the feeling which prompted our Soldier-Prince to refuse a German Crown, preferring his British nationality and the profession he honours to the greater position he might have filled. With the German Army the Duke is very popular—as, indeed, he is with every Army that he has been in touch with. When he attended the manœuvres of the French Army, he quite won the heart of the Pious-pious by going amongst them, tasting their rations and testing their accoutrements. When the French privates saw a Royal Duke with one of their knapsacks on his back walking up and down to try whether it rode easier than that carried by a British soldier, they said, "Tiens! There is a practical soldier!"

The British Army knew long ago the Prince deserved that title, and so did Bombay, where the Duke, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency, had wider manœuvring grounds and was hampered by fewer restrictions than was the case at Aldershot. His Royal Highness showed the qualities in the field of manœuvre of a General of exceptional abilities, and proved himself a very able administrator. The brilliant part that the Duke played in the last home manœuvres which were held on a large scale will be remembered. The tact possessed by all our Royal Family is shown very strongly by the Prince. When he was Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, it was considered possible that a question of precedence might arise, the Governor of Bombay being Her Majesty's representative, the Commander of the Forces being Her Majesty's son; but such a question was never raised.

The German Emperor has a very friendly personal feeling towards all Englishmen, and shows it constantly in many ways. Colonel Swaine, formerly British Military Attaché, who is a *persona gratissima* at the Court, has just received a new decoration from the Emperor. Lord Lonsdale, who personifies British sport, is on terms of personal friendship with His Majesty; the officers of the "Royals," the regiment of which the Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief, are always warmly welcomed in Germany; any great deed of heroism performed by British soldiers is read out on parade to the German Army. The Emperor has more than once suggested to his officers that, if they joined in the sports of the men as the British officers do, it would be to their advantage, and many Englishmen in Germany who had no reason to look for any recognition or favour have had some little mark of attention paid them, some privilege given them, and have found that the Emperor had personally interested himself in the matter. Yachtsmen racing against the Emperor have found that he accepts victory or defeat in the true spirit of sport. One yacht-owner, whose boat had beaten that of the Emperor, was surprised to receive a personal visit, and the first words His Majesty said as he put foot on deck were, "I do not mind being beaten by an Englishman." The Emperor further commanded his victorious opponent to dine with him that evening, and paid him special honour.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.





HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILLIAM II., THE GERMAN EMPEROR,  
*Who interrupted the Bicentenary Fêtes of the Prussian Monarchy to hasten from Berlin to the bedside of the Queen at Osborne.*  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MM. REICHARD AND LINDNER, BERLIN.



## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

"Our Bobs"—*The Raid at the Cape—The Strand Kerbstone Merchants—Newspaper "Pitches."*—*The Railway Murder—Saloon Carriages the Only Way—H.M.S. "Sybille."*

WHAT a splendid old man "Our Bobs" is! He has the most wonderful knack of doing the right thing. The raids and brigandage going on in South Africa have shown us that, though the real War may be over, there is still plenty of fighting to be done before the irreconcilables are crushed, and so, with his usual tact, the Field-Marshal has asked that the celebrations in his honour should be put off till quiet times. He cannot bear, he says, to be the recipient of honours and festivities while so many are suffering loss, though he might have added that he himself has suffered as much as anyone owing to the War.

Not that I think the raiders will be allowed to go about with impunity much longer. Lord Kitchener is the last man in the world to move rashly, or before all his preparations are complete; but when he does, he strikes hard and surely. Any day now may bring us news of a decisive blow, and I shall be very much surprised if the bands which have raided Cape Colony ever recross the Orange River except as fugitives, one by one. There are a few croakers about, but very few, and the great majority of us are content to wait patiently and trust to the man at the wheel to pull the thing through, as he did the Soudan job.

I must say that the driving of the hawkers out of the Strand looks very like the petty tyranny we are accustomed to hear about of the Russian, French, and German police. The poor creatures do no harm to anyone, and the little merchandise they sold was often useful, and at hand when it was most needed. Probably a number of poor families who lived from hand to mouth would have been condemned to something like starvation had the ukase been put strictly into force. But, though most of the kerbstone merchants have disappeared, my personal experience in the Strand has shown me that a lot of them still remain, evidently winked at by the police. Some of the flower-girls by St. Mary-le-Strand have not been disestablished, and I recognise an old collar-stud and boot-lace vendor still at his post, as he has been for many years. But still, the survivors are very few, and I hope the police will be permitted to wink at the return of a few more, for they do no one any harm, and it will be impossible for them to find any sale for their matches and other small tackle up side-streets where hardly anyone goes.

But the most valuable pitches of all are those worked by the newspaper-sellers who swarm in the Strand. The man who used to occupy the Strand front of the *Morning Post* office has been shifted just round the corner into Wellington Street, and, perhaps, when the authorities have done digging holes in the roadway, we shall find the change an improvement. Another valuable pitch was that behind St. Mary's Church, where the seller interfered with nobody and had a fine gallery for his posters on the railings of the church. The old man who sits on the *Globe* doorstep is on private property, so he, I presume, is safe; but the *Globe* and *Pall Mall* men opposite the Gaiety seem to have disappeared. For the disappearance of the news-boys who used to run yelling down the Strand, "The Man in the Street" is profoundly thankful; but a little of the "shut-eye sentry" goes a long way.

I must say that the South-Western Railway tragedy is a bit of a startler. To have come without incident and in a most ordinary and matter-of-fact way on a fairly long railway-journey, and then to be suddenly brought face to face with a murderer, is a thing that, it seems, might happen to any one of us. One does not expect murder and robbery in a third-class carriage. If I recollect rightly, the other tragedies of this kind, those of Mr. Briggs and Mr. Gould, took place in first-class compartments, where people with plenty of ready-money are more likely to be found. The only really safe way of travelling is the American saloon system, such as we see in the Pullman-cars and in the "Twopenny Tube." With a carriage full of people, such an occurrence would be impossible, unless the assailant was an escaped madman.

It is said that the feeling of the public is against the publicity of the long ear; but I do not think that much of an argument, for, though I do not ride in Pullman-cars myself, those who do look sufficiently contented with their lot. On the South-Eastern, the third-class carriages are, or were, partitioned only half-way up, so that, though the separate compartments are there, the chance of a thief or murderer getting away was very small. But, if this way of building carriages is to become universal, the doors and windows must be made to fit better, for the draughts on a cold winter's day are no treat.

It is a subject for congratulation that only one life was lost when H.M.S. *Sybille* went ashore on the South African coast. To "The Man in the Street," it seems that the wreck was due to the fact that a large portion of the ship's company had been landed for service ashore, and consequently, when the gale came on, there were not sufficient hands to manage her. Anyhow, what was left of the crew and the men of the *City of Cambridge* must have worked gallantly to effect a landing with so little loss of life. Well done all!

## SPECIAL "SKETCH" NOTES FROM PARIS.

*The Battle in the French Chamber.*

The great debate on the Religious Associations now going on in the French Chamber (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) brings one or two Frenchmen into first plan, for no subject has raised so much passion in France since the Dreyfus case, and it is said that the battle will last till Easter. The Government wants a law which will enable it to disband the unauthorised Associations. These fairly swarm in France. They are charged with holding enormous funds withdrawn from circulation, to the detriment of the community, and of exercising their immense influence against the interests of the Republic. The unauthorised Societies of the women alone are said to have accumulated values amounting to 473,000,000 francs, and one may judge from this of the rest. Of the authorised Societies, the real estate alone is said to be worth some eleven hundred thousand francs! These will not be disturbed.

*Père du Lac.*

The name of Père du Lac will be often thrown into the debate. This Jesuit priest, elegant, affable, accomplished man of the world, is the favourite confessor of Parisian ladies of high Society, for which fashionable sinners he is said to be very easy in his demands for penitence. He is a pulpit orator, and his sermons are crowded. In politics he is charged, rightly or wrongly, with having mixed in the gravest events of the last few years, in Boulangism, in the Dreyfus affair, in the anti-Jew propaganda, &c. From 1880, for ten years he directed the Jesuit School at Canterbury, and is therefore not unknown in England. He and Count Albert de Mun are intimates, and, their enemies say, abettors. He has just published a book on the Jesuits, intended to throw an influence into the present discussion. He is said to be the brain of the Jesuits in France; in sum, a sort of Aramis, as the reader sees.

*American Gift to the Luxembourg.*

The members of the Society of French Painters have been pitching palettes at each other's heads for weeks, till things are at the pass that one demands whether there will be any more pictures ever made in France. Meantime, an American girl, Miss Klumpke, tranquilly bestows upon the Luxembourg the most important gift it has ever received, fifty of the works of a great artist upon whom the aforesaid Society of Artists now pitching palettes omitted to bestow the Medal of Honour two years ago—of Rosa Bonheur. These works consist of seventeen paintings and thirty-three water-colours and designs. Rosa Bonheur was never honoured by the Government with any commission, and the State possessed but two of her works. This Museum, so long installed in the orangery of the Luxembourg, is to have a new building, erected at the opposite end of the garden facing the Rue Auguste Comte. Until this is built, they will not be able to instal their new acquisition.

*Yvette's New Role.*

I went to the Bodinière, on Tuesday afternoon (continues my Paris Correspondent), to see Yvette Guilbert in her semi-intoned recitations from the works principally of Verlaine and Beaudrière. There was a slight thrill of excitement when the divette appeared, for so much had been said of the *embonpoint*. Yvette had determined not to gratify the critical gaze of the ladies as to the size of the corsets she wore, and she came gliding on in a loose black gown. Someone I heard sarcastically remark that she looked like a "walking catafalque." The voice was as fascinating as ever, and her success was undoubted. In lighter mood she was delightful, and in the sad and cynical she recalled old memories.

*Cléo de Mérode.*

The famous Parisian beauty, Cléo de Mérode, has started on a tour that will extend to the principal cities in Europe. The salary she receives is an enormous one. A couple of years ago, it was under thirty shillings a-week at the Opéra. Turning over some old photographs in a job-lot box, among them I found one taken many years ago. It will surprise many of her admirers, who always associate her with gorgeous Oriental dresses, and Cambodian, savagely beautiful attire, to know that there was a day when Cléo trotted on merrily in tights and wearing a simple sailor's blouse.

*The Return of Judie.*

The one subject of conversation in Paris theatrical circles is the return to the Variétés of Judie. Samuel has induced her to give a series of performances in "Niniche," and in these she will be joined by dear old Baron. Judie, who is fifty years of age, left the stage when she found that she was putting on flesh in a remarkable manner. She was comfortably off, so left Paris to its noise and sleeplessness for a quiet country life, and took a keen interest in a little farmyard that she attached to her villa. This windfall for the Lutetian is due to the delay of Lavedan in getting ready his promised play.

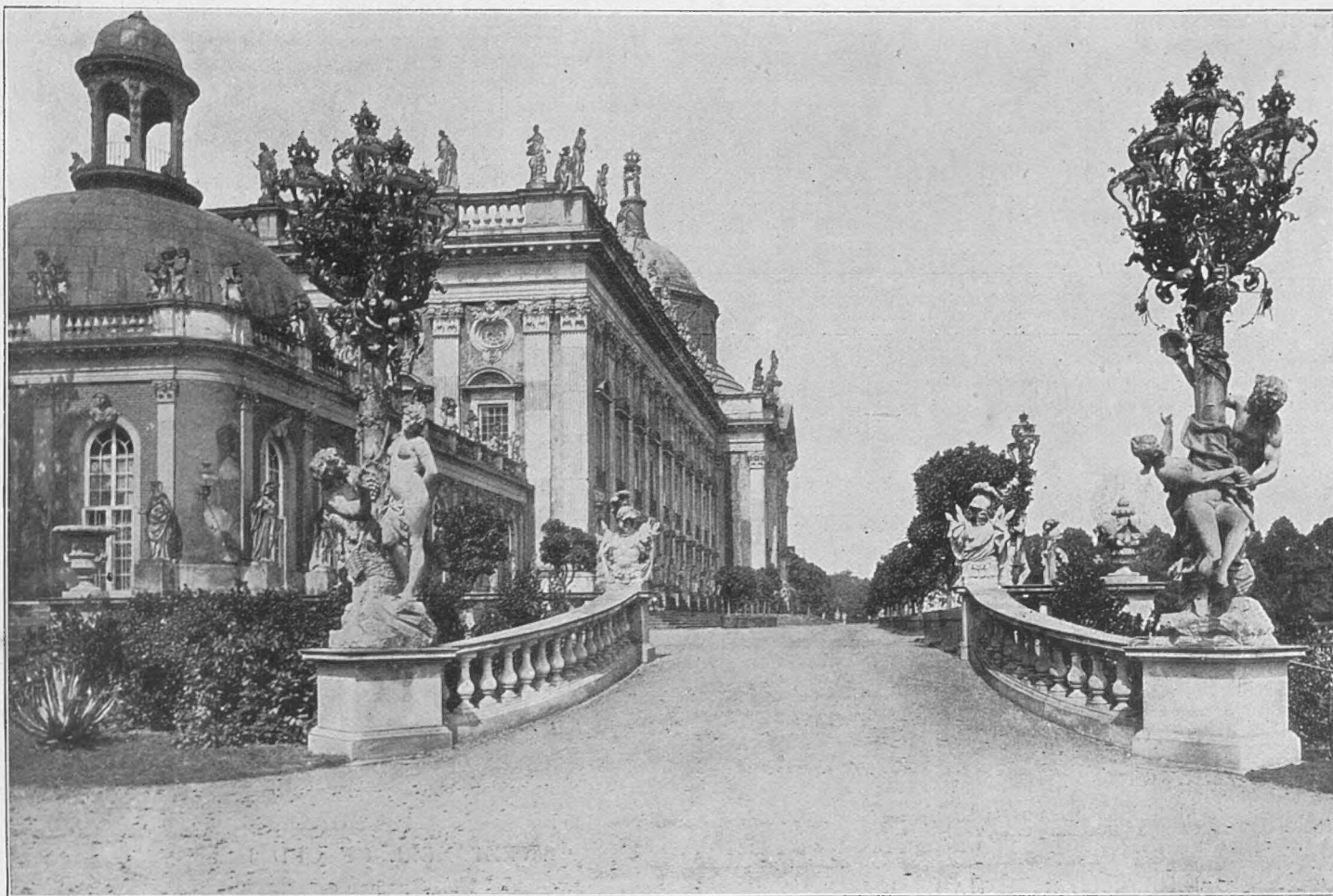
*Story of "Esther X."*

Under the pseudonym of "Esther X.," an amusing story has just been told of a well-known but terribly parsimonious woman in Society of thirty years ago, who invited largely, but, to cover the expenses of the evening, always whispered in the ears of the gentlemen as they left, "Do leave a louis on the hall-table for the cook. It makes it so much pleasanter for me when I invite again!" I have noticed several attempts to guess at her identity; but I am able to give it, and it is one of the victims himself who informs me. It was Madame Stolz, who strangely resembled Rachel. She had a tremendous influence over many men of State, and on one occasion, when there was political trouble, she said, "We must trust in one above!" "This apparently Christian remark," says my informant, "surprised us all; but she quickly added, 'I mean Émile de Girardin' (the King of Journalists), who had the flat above hers!"

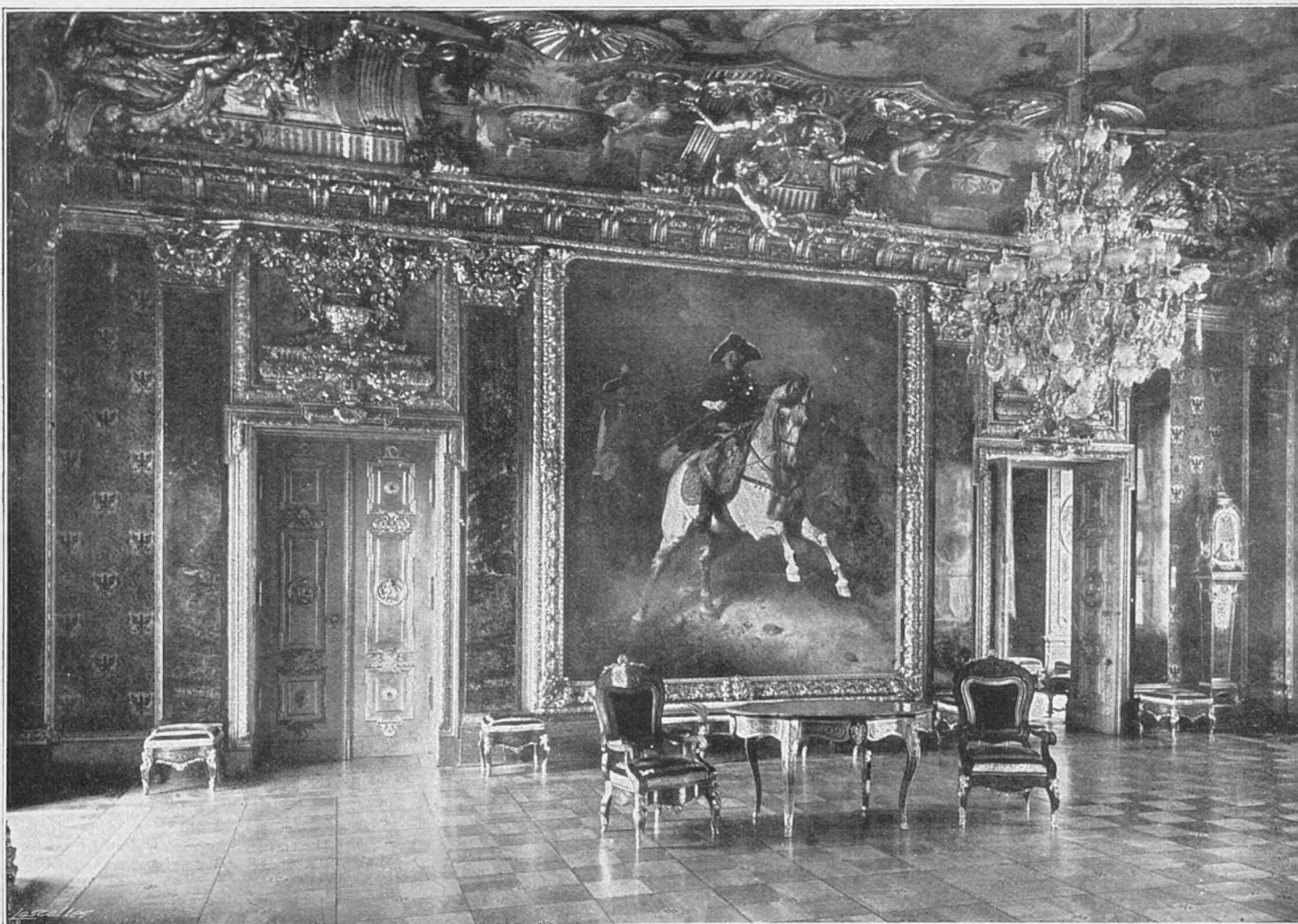


BICENTENARY OF THE PRUSSIAN MONARCHY.

VIEWS APROPOS OF THE IMPERIAL FÊTES.



THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM, IN WHICH THE GERMAN EMPEROR RESIDES.



HALL OF THE BLACK EAGLE IN THE IMPERIAL SCHLOSS, WHERE THE INVESTITURE TOOK PLACE.



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EXTRA MATINEE TO-MORROW (Thursday) at 2.30.

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TO-NIGHT at 8.30. HEROD. LAST FOUR NIGHTS.  
By Stephen Phillips.  
LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY (Wednesday) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
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And every following Wednesday and Saturday.  
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THE QUEEN LISTENING TO A DESPATCH.

The above is a small reproduction from the half-guinea photogravure published  
by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited. For illustrated list  
of other fine-art plates apply Photogravure Department, 198, Strand.

## AN "ART" WEDDING.

A LARGE number of people well known in the world of art were  
present on Saturday afternoon (the 19th inst.) at the Parish  
Church of Marylebone to witness the marriage of Mr. Philip  
Lyle Riviere, son of the well-known painter, Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.,  
and Miss Clothilde Enid Onslow Ford, the charming and clever  
daughter of Mr. Edward Onslow Ford, R.A., the celebrated sculptor.



MR. PHILIP LYLE RIVIERE AND MISS CLOTHILDE ENID ONSLOW FORD,  
MARRIED LAST SATURDAY AT MARYLEBONE PARISH CHURCH.

Canon Barker, Rector of Marylebone, officiated, and Mr. Onslow Ford  
gave his daughter away. Her gown was of white crêpe-de-Chine,  
embroidered with silk braid and trimmed with real lace, with  
a tulle veil over a spray of natural orange-flowers in the hair,  
and her only ornament was a superb jewelled brooch, the gift of  
Sir Henry Irving. Miss Theo Riviere, sister of the bridegroom, acted as  
bridesmaid, and wore a smart costume of biscuit-coloured cloth and a  
black and gold hat, whilst Dr. Clive Riviere, the bridegroom's brother,  
was best man. Over six hundred invitations were issued for the  
subsequent reception, held at Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful house in  
Acacia Road, St. John's Wood; and, later in the afternoon, Mr. and  
Mrs. Philip L. Riviere left for a Continental honeymoon tour.

## "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY," AT THE GLOBE.

The vogue of Nell Gwynne continues, and it looks as if the two Nells  
will enjoy a long reign, for Nell à la Tempest still is in high favour,  
and Nell à la Neilson was greeted with enthusiasm at the Globe on  
Saturday, when she came back to Wych Street, if not to Drury Lane.  
Sticklers for historical accuracy may complain that the superb, statuesque  
Miss Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" does not look like the  
merry little minx of history; but the gaiety and abandon of the clever  
actress, the charm of her singing—of which, alas! we have too little—  
and the actual dramatic force of her work render the complaint unavailing.  
Moreover, she is admirably supported. Mr. Fred Terry is every inch the  
Charles II.—and plenty of inches may be reckoned—Mr. Sydney  
Brough full of vivacity as Lovelace, and Mr. Abingdon, who replaces  
Mr. Calvert as Jeffreys, rich in ferocity. One may grumble that the part  
ably played by Miss Collier is not longer—rare ground for grumble!

## GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY.

A large audience assembled at the Comedy Theatre on Friday evening  
to witness Sudermann's latest play, "Johannisfeuer." The piece  
derives its title from an old custom, still prevailing in some parts of  
Germany, that of lighting St. John's fires on the mountains on  
Midsummer-night and making a fête of the occasion, when liberty and  
light-heartedness reign. Around this Sudermann has weaved his story—  
or rather, his allegory—of the inevitable three, the two women and one  
man; but, although the central idea may lack originality, the handling is  
not without power. Engaged to Trude, daughter of the house, who is little  
more than a child, Georg von Hartwig is unable to conquer his love for  
the adopted daughter, Heimchen, and on Johannisnacht, when the fires of  
old longings are flickering, their disloyalty culminates. Yet Heimchen  
discerns even better than Georg himself that remorse for his act and  
the sense of ingratitude to Trude's parents would embitter his life, so  
she renounces her claim, and the wedding of Trude and Georg takes  
place. The honours of the evening fell to Miss Elsa Gademann, who  
had an extremely impassioned and difficult part to play, of which,  
however, she made such a success that she was repeatedly called at the  
close of the Third Act. Herr Andresen, as the lover, was also seen to  
greater advantage than in previous lighter parts. Herr Worlitzsch, as  
the short-tempered but delightful old father, afforded amusement to a  
very appreciative audience.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Queen and the Shetland Disaster.*

The Queen, alike in her womanly sympathy and also in her love for her bonnie Scotland, has been touched to the quick by the terrible disaster to the Shetland fishing-fleet, which overshadowed the Christmas season among those distant islands and robbed many a humble cottage of its breadwinner. Her Majesty has sent twenty pounds for the relief of the suffering entailed on the bereaved families, and, as it is well known that the Queen never gives to any charitable object unless it is thoroughly deserving, the fact should stimulate many of her subjects to come forward with similar gifts.

*"Bobs" at Osborne.*

The secret of Lord Roberts' summons to visit the Queen at Osborne last week had been wonderfully well kept, so well, indeed, that the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was also going to see the Queen, actually travelled to Southampton in the same train with the Commander-in-Chief without knowing it. Her Imperial Highness, however, made up for it by having tea with Lord Roberts on board the Royal yacht *Alberta* during the passage to Cowes. The private nature of the Commander-in-Chief's visit to the Queen was marked significantly by his civilian dress.

*The Queen and the War.*

It was by the especial wish of the Queen that Lord Roberts declined the festivities which his grateful countrymen are anxious to offer him. But it must not be supposed that the gallant Commander-in-Chief received his instructions to decline hospitality or that any pressure was brought to bear upon the noble Earl. Lord Roberts, a tactful man in every way, conveyed a "feeler" on the subject to his Sovereign, being averse himself to rejoicing when death was still paramount. The Queen was glad to know how her great General felt in the matter, and the third party who brought about the solution of a difficult question is to be congratulated. Need one ask who that third party was?

Though Earl Roberts' recent flying visit to the "West Country" was a semi-private one, the veteran having expressed a wish that he should be disturbed as little as possible, the people of Somerset would not be denied, and, if the station-doors were closed at every stopping-place, crowds of enthusiastic country-folk lined not only the platforms, but the sides of the line as well. Earl Roberts, though declining in most cases to make a speech, delighted the people by acknowledging their salutations, and entered into an animated conversation at one little country station with an old lady who pressed forward to ask after her son, a trooper of the North Somerset Yeomanry who had been a member of his Bodyguard. The Commander-in-Chief called his nephew, Major Sherston, forward, who was able to assure the old lady of the safety of her boy, and when, after shaking her by the hand a second time, "Bobs" was borne away, there was probably not a prouder woman in the whole "West Country" than the mother of the gallant young Yeoman.

*The Queen's Doctor.*

Conspicuous among our beloved Queen's great qualities of heart and mind is her generous recognition of faithful personal service. Undoubtedly she owes much to the watchful care of her Physician-in-Ordinary, Sir James Reid, and, after showering upon him the well-deserved honours of a Knight Commandership of the Bath and a Baronetcy, she has crowned them with the unusual favour of assigning to him a house within the precincts of Windsor Castle. Some two years ago, it will be remembered, Sir James, who was then in his fiftieth year, married Miss Susan Baring, daughter of the late Lord Revelstoke and one of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour. Her Majesty is thus enabled to reward two of her faithful servants by the same kindly act, which will facilitate Sir James's duties of guarding and preserving the Queen's wonderful constitution. Of professional honours Sir James has received an abundant share, and he is also a Knight of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of the Imperial Order of the Crown of Germany, and of the Ernestine Order of Coburg.

*February Weddings.*

The first February in the century is to be distinguished by quite a number of brilliant weddings, and St. Valentine—who seems of late years to have sadly gone out of fashion—will have the honour of being Patron Saint to the Duke of Westminster and Miss Cornwallis-West's nuptials! The same date has also been mentioned as having been fixed for the marriage of General Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice Butler, but it will probably take place some days before the ducal function. On the last day of the month but one—that is, on the 27th—Lord Waterford's young sister, Lady Clodagh Percival, marries Lord Lichfield's brother, and it is hoped that Lady Waterford, now the proud mother of a son and heir, may be well enough to be present at the function. The death of the bride's uncle will naturally cast a certain gravity over the wedding, which will, however, take place from the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's beautiful town-house, the Duchess being the bride's aunt, while the Duke is the bridegroom's uncle; indeed, the engagement may be said to have taken place under ducal auspices. Of course, from the

general point of view, the great February weddings will be the two Royal functions—that which will enliven the somewhat stately Hague, and that which, however little the match is approved of in high quarters, is certain to give pleasure-loving Madrid an opportunity for display and excitement. It is as yet uncertain which member of the Royal Family will represent the Queen at the Dutch Court. Under ordinary circumstances, it is almost certain that the Prince of Wales would have gone to do honour to the little Queen. It is now, however, quite possible that an arrangement will be come to by which the British Court will be represented by Her Majesty's grandson, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is, of course, bound to be present at the ceremony, as he is the Royal bride's first-cousin. It is said in Holland that Mr. Kruger will be given a special place of honour, both in the church and at the wedding-banquet!



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, TO WHOM THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN PAYING HOMAGE.

Photo by Baruch, Berlin.

*The Wintry Weather.*

Berlin still remains frost bound (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*); business people hurry along the streets with collars turned up and their hands buried deep in their pockets; people of leisure sally forth with skates to practise figure-skating in the Thiergarten, while the shivering poor grumble bitterly at the absence of snow. In no city are the authorities so prompt in having the streets cleared of snow as in Berlin, where gigantic waggons, accompanied by armies of men with shovels and scrapers, appear, as if by magic, immediately the slightest inconvenience whatever is experienced by foot-passengers or in the traffic owing to a sudden snow-fall. At present, no very great numbers of fatalities have been reported through skating. Thousands of Berliners have been making excursions to Potsdam, Wannsee, and other lake districts, where they have had ample opportunities of indulging themselves in skating, sleighing, and touring.

*The Empress and the Soup-Kitchens.*

The German Empress takes the keenest interest in all the institutions that provide for the comfort and relief of the poor. The other day, Her Majesty paid a visit to the soup-kitchens in Brüderstrasse. Accompanying the Empress was Princess Henry, who also concerns herself largely in all philanthropic institutions. The Royal visitors had timed their arrival so as to see the kitchens at the busiest moment. Mid-day dinner was being served out, and the whole place was a beehive of activity, cooks in their neat white costumes pouring out the steaming soup, servants rushing hither and thither with zeal, while the recipients of the savoury soup showed their appreciation of what they received by nearly scalding their throats in their anxiety to lose not a single precious moment.

*The late Duke Frederick.*

On the 14th of this month, the anniversary of the death of the Empress's father, the late Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, the Emperor and Empress sent a wreath of roses, with a white ribbon bearing the crowns of their Majesties worked in gold, to be laid on the tomb.



*An Empress-Elect?*

Princess Alice of Albany, one of the sweetest and most English-looking of Her Majesty's granddaughters, is regarded by some sections of German Society as their Empress-elect. It is no secret that the Emperor is exceedingly anxious to see his heir settled, and, as there seems to exist



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

Photo by Kissack, Elton.

in high Royal quarters none of that prejudice against the marriage of near relations which exists in less exalted circles, it is almost certain that the future Emperor will choose his bride from among the charming group of cousins which includes Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Princess Alice of Albany, and the two Princesses of Connaught. Princess Alice of Albany felt very deeply giving up her English home and her British nationality, and it is significant that she prefers to be known by her father's name rather than by that attached to her brother's title. Queen Wilhelmina is very devoted to her young cousin, and this although she is not only considerably older, but also of a

very much firmer and more formed character. It is said that among the first letters written by her announcing her engagement was one to Princess Alice of Albany.

*The "Ophir."*

H.M.S. *Ophir*, which has been selected to carry the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia, is photographed on another page. She has the reputation of being the most comfortable Liner in the world. Her internal fittings are so ornate and satisfactory that practically no alterations are to be made to fit her for Royal use—she will go as she is. Later, according to rumour, she will become a Royal yacht, probably replacing the new Royal yacht that has been such a sad and costly failure. Royalty refuses to go in the new *Victoria and Albert*.

*Commander Wemyss, R.N.*

The *Ophir* will be commanded by Commander Wemyss, R.N., who as a Lieutenant served in the *Victoria and Albert*, out of which he was promoted. His last ship was the *Niobe*. Captain Wemyss is a personal friend of the Duke of York, and has once or twice entertained Prince George and Princess May at his house near Portsmouth. He is an enthusiastic golfer. In person he is a typical naval officer. Lieutenant the Hon. Herbert Meade, R.N., who will serve as the Duke's Flag-Lieutenant, is the second son of Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam. He is at present serving in H.M.S. *Prince George*. Lieutenant Meade, who has the reputation of being one of the handsomest officers in Her Majesty's Navy, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer of much talent. Specimens of his skill with the camera are eagerly sought after by his brother officers, on account of their peculiar artistic merit. Some of the peculiarity of Lieutenant Meade's photographs is obtained by means of a peculiar shutter arrangement which he improvised. Many of the results thus obtained are singularly interesting.

*The Marine Band for Australia.*

It was a happy thought on the part of the authorities responsible to arrange that the Band of the Chatham Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry should accompany their Royal Colonel-in-Chief the Duke of York on his forthcoming visit to the Antipodes in the *Ophir*. Besides the famous Royal Marine Artillery Band, each of the three Divisions of Marine Light Infantry has its band, usually known as the Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham Marine Bands. These have always ranked among the most efficient bodies of musicians in either Service, and to that of the Portsmouth Division fell the honour of accompanying His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in his memorable visit to India some quarter-of-a-century ago, in commemoration of which they have since been permitted to wear the Plume of His Royal Highness as a badge on their head-dress. The Chatham Marine Band hope that some such distinction may be accorded them as a result of the Australian tour. The Marine Bands are not only adepts at military music; if anything, like Cavaliere Zavertal's famous Royal Artillery Band, they are even more proficient as string instrumentalists, and their enchanting music in the ball-room will, no doubt, give added delight to lovers of the "light fantastic" in Australia.

*Berlin en Fête.*

Berlin has celebrated in splendid fashion the bi-centenary of the Prussian Kingdom, and the Emperor-Kaiser has welcomed an imposing group of potentates, this country and Queen Victoria being represented by the Duke of Connaught, Russia by the Grand Duke Vladimir, Italy by the Duke of Aosta, and Austria by her future Emperor, the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand.

*The Chapter of the Black Eagle.*

Perhaps the most splendid and imposing of the ceremonies connected with the Celebration was the Chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle. Five new knights, headed by the youthful Crown Prince, were invested with the gorgeous scarlet mantle, and fifty-two knights assisted at the splendid scene. The procession of knights was ushered in to the sound of silver trumpets, blown by heralds garbed in seventeenth-century costumes; then followed the pages bearing the insignia of the Order.

*A City of Palaces.*

Berlin, if Potsdam be included, may truly be styled a City of Palaces. The Emperor has a large choice of residences, but he is known to prefer the New Palace, and it is there that he feels most at home, though the old Castle, or Schloss, is always used on State occasions.

*For Gardeners.*

Memory in the winter of our discontent goes back to the sweet-smelling gardens which made "glorious summer" of life. Similarly agreeable recollections are evoked by "Kelway's Manual of Horticulture for 1901"—a lavishly illustrated Annual in which Messrs. Kelway and Son, of Langport, Somerset, depict and describe the various plants, seeds, bulbs, and cut-flowers they are prepared to despatch to any part of the Kingdom. The coloured plates of flowers add to the value of this beautiful catalogue.

*Lieutenant Francis Clavering Williams-Freeman.*

Lieutenant Clavering Williams-Freeman, who has distinguished himself at Kaalfontein, comes of a fighting family. His father, who lives "down South," is retired from the Royal Artillery, and, if I mistake not, has several other relatives in the active service of Her Majesty. The hero of Kaalfontein is only twenty-five years old, but he does honour to the "Ancients," as they have been called, of the Cheshire Regiment. The Peere-Williams-Freeman family spread into many counties, but many members of this excellent stock are remembered



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG.

Photo by Uhlenruth, Coburg.

with affection round about Pylewell Park, near Lymington, in Hampshire. The great Admiral Peere-Williams is celebrated not only in song, but in picture of his sea-fights. "There shall be no lack of game so long as the gunner can shoot"—and he does.



*Her Majesty's  
Great-grand-  
daughters.*

Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, who is one of the youngest of the Queen's great-granddaughters, may very probably celebrate her sixth birthday in this country. The Queen is said to have been exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of her tiny descendant, for the youthful Princess, in addition to being doubly descended—that is, both through her



GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE AND DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

father and her mother—from the British Sovereign, is also the granddaughter of the Queen's much-loved daughter, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse. The only daughter of the German Emperor and Empress will now be the only one of Her Majesty's great-granddaughters practically unknown in this country. It is quite possible that the little Princess, who is the apple of her father's eye, may pay a visit to England this summer.

*Show of War  
Pictures.*

What is Mr. Melton Prior doing that he does not open—at the Fine Art Galleries, or elsewhere—an exhibition of his excellent sketches of the defence of Ladysmith, made by him as Special War Artist of *The Illustrated London News*? Two of his brother artists, Mr. Fred Villiers and Mr. Maude, have been coining money with their remarkably engrossing magic-lantern War lectures. Another colleague who has come quickly to the front, Mr. Frank A. Stewart, who acted in the Natal Campaign as a Special War Artist of *The Illustrated London News* and of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, exhibits at the Modern Gallery, 175, Bond Street, till Feb. 23, the admirable drawings of the eventful battle-scenes he witnessed. General Sir Redvers Buller's hard fight of it to relieve Ladysmith is delineated with vividness and power by Mr. Stewart. Why should Prior wait—when he ought to claim priority by right of seniority?

*Good Prints.*

From the print-shop of Mr. Richard Wyman, 24, Bedford Street, Strand, are issued exquisite Fine-Art Photogravures, few finer than the copy of John Jones's mezzotint portrait of Mrs. Davenport, a noted beauty of the eighteenth century, from the painting by George Romney. In colours, the same firm issues a couple of Cecil Aldin's humorous drawings, "Polly Flinders."

*The Ashanti  
Campaign.*

Colonel Sir James Willcocks, the new "D.S.O.," will soon be in England, and will, no doubt, receive a warm welcome from his numerous friends, and especially from Earl Roberts, who is always so ready to recognise the value of work well done. Though this little Expedition was necessarily dwarfed by the greater War, the statistics lately issued throw a vivid light on the sufferings endured by Europeans and natives alike. Of combatants, there were some hundred and fifty Europeans and nearly three thousand natives. Of the former, fourteen died in action or of

disease, forty were wounded, and fifty-three invalided. The admissions to hospital averaged nearly three per man. Of the natives, seventy-eight died of wounds or disease, two hundred and fifty were invalided, and there were some five thousand admissions to hospital. When the proportionately enormous number of carriers—some fifteen thousand—is taken into consideration, of whom more than two hundred died and about a third passed through hospital, some idea of the arduous character of the campaign, and the anxieties pressing upon its commander and Medical Staff, outside the actual fighting, may be formed. When the history of the Expedition comes to be written—and probably no one could write it better than Sir James himself—the difficulties and dangers successfully overcome will be better appreciated.

*General Ian  
Hamilton Among  
His Kinsfolk.*

It was only to be expected that General Ian Hamilton, who accompanied the Commander-in-Chief on his recent voyage home, would receive, when he went among his kinsfolk in the North, an inordinately hearty welcome. This was indeed the case at Doune the other day, on the occasion of the gallant officer's visit to Sir John Muir, Bart., his father-in-law, at Deanston House. The picturesque little Stirlingshire town was *en fête*, and its inhabitants, who had watched with something of a paternal interest the military achievements of the General in besieged Ladysmith and on the historic march to Bloemfontein and Pretoria, accorded him a truly Highland welcome. Replying to an address, with the accompanying gift of a pistol made in Doune over two hundred years ago, General Ian Hamilton humorously remarked: "Had I had a good pistol like this on Waggon Hill, I think I should have hit the Boers, instead of missing them as I did with my modern gimcrack revolver." He characteristically expressed a wish that some of his old comrades were with him to share in such a splendid welcome, and assured his hearers—and, let me hope, his entire countrymen—that "all the soldiers in South Africa have a tremendous confidence in Lord Kitchener, and, although things may not look very bright in the papers just now, he will very soon pull them round."

*'One of the Best.'*

General Bruce M. Hamilton, whose name has been of late almost as much in the minds of his countrymen as that of his distinguished namesake, joined the East Yorkshire Regiment from the Militia twenty-three years ago. Since then, besides filling important Staff positions in India and at home, he has fought in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, and the following year at Ingogo in the Transvaal War of that date. In 1885 he took part in the Burmese Expedition, and ten years later he was sent to Ashanti on special service. He afterwards commanded with distinction the Niger



GENERAL BRUCE M. HAMILTON.

*Photo from "the Front" by Major F. Shaw.*

Protectorate Force in the Benin Expedition. Early in the present War, he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the 2nd Division, and since then his dashing exploits as leader of an independent force have won him not a little renown.



"Our Bishop." Dr. Creighton, of whom a memoir appeared in the last issue of *The Sketch*, was laid to rest in St. Paul's on Thursday, the 17th inst. The late Bishop was a many-sided man, and, amongst other things, he was pre-eminently a Clubman of the most



THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. CREIGHTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

Photo by Whitlock Birmingham.

genial kind. When he was staying at his town-house in St. James's Square, he nearly always lunched at the Athenæum. On one occasion, when speaking at a Club dinner, he gave an amusing definition of a Club. "A Club," he said, "is a place where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" While Dr. Creighton was spoken of, even by members of the Salvation Army, as "our Bishop"—a tribute to his wide catholicity of spirit—he was a firm believer in using all the outward signs and insignia of the Episcopate. As is well known, he wore a mitre, and, when he was attacked by some good people who saw in this symbol a suggestion of Papacy, he retorted very neatly by saying, "My predecessors have worn the mitre on their carriages, their plate—even on the blinkers of their horses. I choose to wear mine on my head."

#### The Late Dr. Creighton's Walks.

Fully occupied, as he always was—and it is a moot point whether the Bishop of Stepney or the Bishop of London was the busiest man in London—the late Dr. Creighton evinced the liveliest and most sympathetic interest in the small concerns of the ordinary life of the people. It is not long since he was giving sensible and practical advice as to the best way of spending a holiday, and urging his hearers to seek pleasure and instruction in viewing the wonders, historical and otherwise, of the Metropolis, instead of rushing away to the nearest railway-station to get out of town the moment they were at liberty. As a lad, he took great delight in walking exercise, and, later in his career, he declared that he was perfectly happy if he could get two hours' tramping a-day. When at Durham Grammar School, he often rambled about alone, botanising; and at other times he would walk through the villages, see the churches, study the architecture, and speculate on the influences of such surroundings. "This is a way of looking at things," he said, "which adds greatly to the pleasure of walking, and I would strongly advise everyone to cultivate the habit."

#### The Late Bishop Creighton.

It may be doubted (writes one who knew him) if Mandell Creighton ever carried out what he imagined. Although he subordinated the idea to fact, there can be no doubt that what he aimed at was

the Union of the Anglican and Greek Churches, to the destruction of the Papal hierarchy in Poland. I think that Dr. Creighton must have had some Eastern blood in his veins. At all events, he was far removed, both in thought and appearance, from the typical Englishman, and his widow, the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Creighton—with whom everyone who knew their happy life condole—is also of foreign blood, half-Russian, half-German. When Dr. Creighton went to Moscow, he was in thorough sympathy with the splendour of the episcopal function at the Imperial rejoicings, and did not stint costume or colour in making himself a notable personage among the Prelates assembled. But at home he was quite different. He was genial, an excellent host, a brilliant casuist, and no enemy of tobacco. I remember once that a Roman Catholic guest of his described him as a Bishop *in partibus infidelium*. "Quite true," replied Dr. Creighton; "Westminster is in my diocese." In this and many other sayings he was Disraelian.

#### Lord Rosebery as a Commercial Traveller.

The Earl of Rosebery in his time has played many parts. Chief orator at the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce dinner on Jan. 16, he became for the nonce a British *commis voyageur*. Shouldered his pack, and showed how goods should be sold by sleight of tongue. It is the "War of Trade" in which he fears the United States and Germany may worst us, and he urged the Chambers of Commerce to send young men to rival countries to study foreign modes of commerce. He might have gone further. He might have urged the Foreign Office to press upon British Ministers and Attachés abroad the urgent necessity of abandoning the old tooth-pick style of diplomacy in favour of the keen-eye-open-to-the-main-chance system in vogue with up-to-date Teutonic Ambassadors in every clime. If the trade is to follow the flag, all the greater need that British Ministers should do all in their power to foster British commerce. In this connection, the Board of Trade and merchants should make it their bounden duty to support that admirably conducted newspaper for the encouragement of British trade, *Commercial Intelligence*, issued by Mr. Henry Sell, of 168, Fleet Street, and brimful of trade news from all quarters of the world.

#### The Lord and Lady Mayoress.

The Lord Mayor of London and Miss Kathleen Green—surely the most charmingly unaffected and sweet-natured of Lady Mayoresses—are tireless in the discharge of Civic duties. On Wednesday afternoon last, the Lord Mayor opened, with characteristic heartiness of manner, the handsome new FitzGeorge Avenue, West Kensington, near St. Paul's Schools, and, in the evening, his comely daughter, full of poetic sympathy with the lowly as well as endowed with the gift of poesy, delighted a large festive gathering of crippled children, treated by the Ragged School Union at the Great Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road. Of all the gatherings Miss Kathleen Green will attend, be sure none will touch her kind heart more deeply than such merry meetings of suffering humanity as this.

#### Venezuela Again.

The photograph I am enabled to publish of the English and Venezuelan Boundary Commission on the boundary line at Mururuma Creek may be regarded with especial interest just now, on account of the quarrel which has arisen between the United States and Venezuela. On the verge of revolution within, Venezuela was threatened from without by Uncle Sam for the seizure of two vessels belonging to the Orinoco Company for the purpose of using them against an American Company which had secured asphalt concessions. According to a New York message, the Warship *Scorpion* was despatched to La Guayra to land sailors and marines if necessary.



ENGLISH AND VENEZUELA BOUNDARY COMMISSION AT MURURUMA CREEK, WHERE THE NEW VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY CUTS THE BARINA RIVER.



*The Prince Attends  
Another Smart  
Wedding.*

The Prince of Wales has had quite a busy time of late attending the weddings of his friends. Only about three weeks ago he was present at the marriage of Sir Ernest Cassel's daughter and Mr. W. W. Ashley; and on Wednesday last (the 16th) he attended the very smart wedding of Mr. John Blundell Leigh, of Manor House, near Bicester, and Miss Blanche Forbes, daughter of Helen, Lady Forbes of



DR. W. J. E. DAVIES (SON OF THE FIRST MAYOR OF BATTERSEA). MISS J. P. BOYD-CARPENTER (DAUGHTER OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON).

MARRIED LAST WEDNESDAY AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BLOOMSBURY.

From Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge.

Newe (who was one of the lovely Moncreiffe sisters), and niece of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley. It will be remembered that Mr. Blundell Leigh, some little time ago, had to divorce his wife, Lady Rose Leigh (now Countess of Cottenham, the twin sister of Countess Cowley and a daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny), the case at the time causing quite a flutter in high social circles, where great sympathy was felt for Mr. Blundell Leigh and his little daughter.

*The Ceremony.* The wedding took place in the Scotch Church of St. Columba, in Pont Street, Chelsea, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, while the bride was given away by her brother, Sir Charles Forbes of Newe. The wedding-dress was of white satin trimmed with priceless old Brussels lace, and her ornaments included a diamond necklace, a diamond brooch, and a diamond and turquoise brooch. Her full Court-train was carried by little Viscount Weymouth and the Hon. Charles Winn, dressed in cherry and white satin, the bridegroom's racing colours. There were five children bridesmaids, wearing frocks of white silk muslin, trimmed with cherry-coloured velvet, and large white chiffon hats. Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, lent her town-house in Grosvenor Street for the reception, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. J. Blundell Leigh left for West Dean Park, Chichester, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Willie James for the honeymoon.

*The Presents.* Over four hundred magnificent presents were received by the bride and bridegroom. These included a diamond and turquoise crescent from the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince also giving the bridegroom an antique embossed silver snuff-box; a beautiful diamond aigrette was sent jointly from the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; while the Duke and Duchess of Fife gave the bride a superb diamond and sapphire bracelet. Lord and Lady Dudley and Lord and Lady Wolverton gave a large diamond butterfly, Lord and Lady Rothschild a diamond and pearl brooch, Mr. and Mrs. Willie James gave a magnificent diamond and turquoise tiara, and Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki a tall silver flower-vase.

*Marriage of a Bishop's Daughter.* Miss Jessie Peers Boyd-Carpenter (who was formerly one of the Nursing Sisters at St. Thomas's Hospital), eldest daughter of the Bishop of Ripon, was married on Wednesday, the 16th inst., at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, to Dr. William John Edwin Davies, son of Mr. W. Davies, J.P. (first Mayor of Battersea), of Bryngwyn, North Wales. The Bishop of Ripon officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, the Rev. W. H. Peers (uncles of the bride), and the Rev. J. F. Downes. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. H. J. Boyd-Carpenter, and she wore a gown of white satin, and a long Court-train of the same material falling from one shoulder and trimmed with festoons of chiffon and orange-blossoms. Her six bridesmaids were dressed in white Roman satin trimmed with white and pale-yellow chiffon, and long-ended fichus of the same soft material fastened in at one side, and their hats were of black crinoline trimmed with black ostrich-feathers and paste buckles. Dr. Woolliscroft acted as best man. A large reception was afterwards held at 1, Montagu Place, Bedford Square (the residence of the Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter), and, later, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. E. Davies left for Brighton, where they will spend the honeymoon. The presents were most numerous and of a costly description.

*The Wedding-  
Present Tax.*

Probably many people would be surprised were they to be told the enormous sums spent by the Royal Family each year in wedding-presents. Very early in her reign, the Sovereign decided that affection was not necessarily a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, and her own marriage gifts to those about her have always been distinguished by good taste and affectionate foresight rather than by pecuniary value. Thus, the Queen's present to a favourite Maid-of-Honour often takes the shape of a set of household silver, or even of a number of dress-lengths and a piece of beautiful lace, in addition to the now historic Cashmere shawl.

*With Good Wishes  
from Marlborough  
House.*

The Prince and Princess of Wales often present a fine jewel, their Royal Highnesses taking special pains that their presents should have nothing commonplace about them. The Princess is very fond of heart-shaped stones, and it is curious how often a wedding-present sent from Marlborough House includes a heart-shaped pendant or gem. The Duke and Duchess of York believe in giving those of their young friends embarking on the perilous seas of matrimony gifts which shall be useful as well as ornamental.

*Mr. George  
Cadbury.*

Mr. Cadbury, the newly elected President of the Sunday School Union, and, I believe, one of the new owners of the *Daily News*, is one of those great employers of labour who have successfully grappled with the question of the housing of the working classes. At his model village of Bournville, near Birmingham, there is a villa estate covering three hundred and fifty acres, with recreation-grounds for girls, almshouses built by Mr. Cadbury's brother, gymnasium, Boys' Club, and technical school. During last summer he entertained twenty thousand Sunday School children free of charge at the Manor House. Mr. Cadbury is greatly interested in Sunday Schools, and has been a teacher for forty years. His Bible-class, with its branches, consists of a thousand members. He starts on Sunday morning at 6.15 a.m., on cycle or horseback, and arrives in Birmingham at his school about 7 a.m. Can it be explained why so many of the makers of cocoa and biscuits are Quakers and also philanthropists? It were to be wished all rich manufacturers were actuated with the same spirit of benevolence.

*Widening London  
Streets.*

Tottenham Court Road is such a broad thoroughfare that residents in the adjacent Hampstead Road may well wish they enjoyed the same advantage. The congestion of traffic at the Euston Road corner, where the trams and yellow 'buses stop, is particularly inconvenient to the public. Deserving of support, therefore, is the movement to secure the widening of that end of the Hampstead Road—a movement indorsed by Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, Messrs. Shoolbred and Co., Messrs. Oefzmann and Co., and Messrs. F. Braby and Co., Limited. Moreover, Alderman D. McGregor is Chairman of the Committee, and every member of the St. Pancras Borough Council has promised to use his influence to bring about this much-needed improvement.

*A Ladies' Pet.*

I give herewith a picture of "Tottie," who was in her time a Champion and Premier of Maltese Terriers, if one may properly apply these masculine terms to such a charming little lady. "Tottie," when full-grown, weighed only five pounds and a-half and was eight inches high at the shoulder. She had a pedigree going back into the mists of antiquity, and her happy owner



"TOTTIE," A CHAMPION MALTESE TERRIER.

was at one time Mrs. T. Gumm, but she afterwards became the property of a certain noble lady. Maltese Terriers, I am told, were of old great favourites with the ladies of ancient Greece and Rome, so it is little wonder that they are special pets to-day.



*At Last!*

The curtain has been rung down on another Act in the Chinese Drama, though what sort of Scene it will rise on again is a problem. But Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang have, by order of the Chinese Emperor, signed the Joint Note of the Powers, and the seal of the Emperor, without which the signatures would have been of no effect, has been also affixed to the Joint Note. Telegrams stating that this wonderful seal was in the possession of an old woman in a palace in the Forbidden City, and that she handed it over to the Chinese dignitaries, while the Chief Eunuch looked on and noted all that was done, impart a curious, even mysterious, touch to the proceedings. It is to be devoutly hoped that another old woman, the Old Woman of China, the Empress-Regent, was present, in spirit at least, and approved; otherwise, the Joint Note, signatures and seal notwithstanding, may not matter much.

*Men-of-War in Chinese Waters.*

*The Sketch* has good reason to thank most heartily British sailors who from every part of the world despatch snapshots of occurrences and scenes of general interest. The brace of snapshots from Chinese waters show that not only is Jack ready at a moment's notice to resolve himself into the "Handy Man" ashore, as Captain Hedworth Lambton and his merry men did at Ladysmith, but that he is also prompt on occasion to perform such difficult tasks as the raising of H.M.S. *Sandpiper* and the dredger which, sunk during the recent typhoon, were brought to the surface, and are afloat again, thanks to British skill and indefatigable energy, which, let Lord Rosebery pull as long a face as he likes, are bound to keep Old England in the very front rank of the nations.



THE RAISING OF H.M.S. "SANDPIPER."

SUNK IN THE RECENT TYPHOON IN CANTON RIVER.

From Photographs by G. H. Evans, H.M. Naval Yard, Hong-Kong.



THE RAISING OF THE DREDGER.

*An Annual Event.*

The Monster Bazaar has now become the annual event of the London Season, and I learn that it is already decided that on the Tuesday and Wednesday after Ascot all the world and his wife will either be buying or selling at a great fête, of which the proceeds are to go to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution Fund. The beautiful and popular Lady Londonderry is President of the very strong Committee which has just been formed in connection with the undertaking, and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has up to the present time remained somewhat apart from Charity Fêtes, has taken over the onerous duties of Hon. Sec., while among the stall-holders will be the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Montrose, and the lady who will in future be known as Catherine, Duchess of Westminster. Lady George Hamilton, who naturally takes a very special interest in the "R.N.L.I.," will have much to do with organising the various arrangements. It is not yet decided where the bazaar or fête is to be held, but it is very probable that the Albert Hall will be chosen, as in some ways this is the only building of suitable dimensions.

*"The Sketch" at The Cape.*

When I left London for South Africa (writes a lady correspondent at The Cape), one of my keenest regrets was the thought of missing my weekly *Sketch*. However, on arrival here, I found that I need not have troubled myself on that score, for it is one of the most popular illustrated papers in Cape Town, and is widely read and quoted. Of course, we get it a little later than when at home, but that makes it all the more welcome. I may tell you, too, that, in spite of Boer alarms, on Christmas Day, when we were picknicking a mile or two out, under a blue sky with warm sunshine, I spent an hour or two in looking through *The Sketch*. Africa is not such a Dark Continent, after all!

*The New Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army.*

Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel C. Fergusson, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards, who has been given the appointment of Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, which had been vacant since the promotion, a twelvemonth ago, of Sir Francis Wingate as Sirdar, is the eldest son of Sir James Fergusson, M.P.—one of the few Parliamentarians, by the way, who have a Crimean experience—and an officer of seventeen years' service. He was appointed to the Egyptian Army five years ago, served in the Dongola Expedition of 1896, and in the Nile Expedition in the following year was present at the capture of Abu Hamed. In Lord Kitchener's final campaign on the Nile in 1898, Colonel Fergusson was present at the Battles of the Atbara and Khartoum. He has been frequently mentioned in despatches in the Egyptian and Soudan campaigns, and his efficient discharge for some time past of the duties of Military Governor at Khartoum has been highly approved by the Sirdar, who has recognised the excellent work Colonel Fergusson has achieved by promoting him to a post of great responsibility.

*Mr. Marconi.*

It will be interesting to many readers of *The Sketch* just now to learn that Mr. Marconi, the distinguished electrician, though an Italian by birth, has close kinship with this country. Mr. Marconi's maternal grandfather was Andrew Jameson, of Enniscorthy, near which he had a distillery, known to the present day as "The Still." One of Andrew Jameson's daughters, who had a passion for music, went to the Conservatoire at Bologna to complete her studies. There she met and married a Signor Marconi, an Italian of considerable means, and became the mother of the famous inventor. It was while

studying at Bologna University that Mr. Marconi gave shape to his study of wireless telegraphy—a particularly interesting subject at present, in view of Nikola Tesla's experiments, and a subject in which he has had the stimulus and assistance of Professor Preece. Wanting some years yet ere he is out of his twenties, the young Italian is certain to play a conspicuous part in the future developments of wireless telegraphy.

*The Editor of the "Ency. Brit." Supplement.*

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, to whose hands has been committed the task of editing the Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" which the *Times* will issue, has given proof of his capacity for the task by the efficient manner in which he conducted the *St. James's Gazette*, which he edited, in succession to Mr. Sidney Low, from 1897 till the beginning of last year. Mr. Chisholm, who is in his thirty-fifth year, is the only son of the late Mr. H. W. Chisholm, Warden of the Standards and a well-known statistician; he is a scholar of Christ Church College, Oxford, and a Barrister of the Middle Temple, and at school was an enthusiastic and capable member of cricket and football teams.

*Glasgow Exhibition.*

The Lord Provost has had an interview with Sir Francis Knollys, when the date of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow and the opening of the Exhibition was fixed for May 7. Lord Roberts has offered certain war-trophies from South Africa; General Macdonald has also sent a case containing a number of Mauser rifles, a bandolier, and three Orange Free State flags, captured from the Boers. During the past month about four thousand season-tickets have already been sold. The Russian Government has voted thirty thousand pounds, in order to be adequately represented; there will be a Russian Colony, where peasants and artisans will be constantly at work.



*Dr. Silvanus  
Thompson's Feat.*

With the single exception of Professor Ramsay, no other Englishman of science has ever performed the feat accomplished a few days ago by Dr. Silvanus P. Thompson, the able Principal and Professor of Physics in the City and Guilds Technical College, Finsbury. This was the delivery of a lecture in German at the Urania Theatre, Berlin, to a large audience



PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON.  
THE EMINENT ENGLISH SCIENTIST WHO RECENTLY  
LECTURED TO A GERMAN AUDIENCE IN BERLIN.

Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

which filled every part of the house. Much like the lectures of our own Royal Institution, this differed not only in its language, but also in its surroundings, for the Urania Theatre derives its name from the fact that it is built exactly like a theatre, with a stage, proscenium, wings, &c., the lecturer, with his assistants, taking the place of the actors, while there is an interval, or *entr'acte*, in which the whole audience repair to the foyer to discuss light refreshments as well as the lecturer and his lecture. Professor Thompson's lecture, which lasted over an hour and a half, was on Faraday and the English School of Electricians, a subject on which he is eminently qualified to speak, seeing that,

two or three years ago, he published a *Life of Faraday*, which shares with Dr. Gladstone's the distinction of being the best book on the life of that great man of science. Dr. Thompson, it is worth noting in passing, has also achieved the additional distinction of having lectured in French, by invitation, before the *Société de Physique* in Paris. The captivating way in which the Professor traced the exemplary life of Faraday seems quite to have charmed his German audience.

*"Sam" Lewis.*

"An Ollapod" writes: "I knew 'Sam' Lewis nearly all my life—that is, life in London—and always found him a cheery and entertaining companion. My first acquaintance with him dates from a day when I, an impecunious fledgling just escaped from the coop of Eton, sauntered into an advertised address and asked for a loan of fifty pounds. I was confronted by a little man with a bland aspect, rather shabbily dressed. I remember noticing that he wore a dirty white satin tie and side-spring patent-leather boots. He smiled on me affably, and we came to terms for the loan after Mr. Lewis had consulted several volumes in which my name appeared unobtrusively. Since then I have often met Sam—not in business, for my humble loans were speedily below his cognisance. Indeed, the last time I 'tried' him, he exclaimed, 'A "monkey" for you? Here's two tenners, and pay me back when you like. "Monkey," indeed! Bosh! Have a cigar which the Prince couldn't give you.' Sam was indeed a strange mixture of 'getting and having.' On one occasion, I know that a certain noble lady drove up to Cork Street and proffered the family jewels in pledge. 'No, your Grace,' said Sam, 'I know your family jewels were converted into paste at the Coronation, and you can't stick me with them.' Nevertheless, he advanced five thousand pounds.

*"Sam" at Monte  
Carlo.*

"On another occasion, I know he lent an English Countess five hundred pounds at Monte Carlo, refusing her note-of-hand. And there is no doubt that his leniency with the ladies of Society largely promoted his business. He was fond of boasting of his losses at Monte Carlo, but I know on two occasions he won nearly ten thousand pounds in less than half-an-hour. The only time that I ever saw Sam really angry was one day when he was lunching at a popular restaurant with a friend, to whom he was exhibiting a couple of magnificent sapphire and diamond pins. Judging by the sequel, it may seem suspicious to state that I was on the opposite side of the table. Sam and his guest suddenly departed, leaving, as it turned out, the two pins on the table. In less than five minutes, they had returned in search of the missing jewellery. The pins were not to be found, and, as they were worth some three hundred and fifty pounds, Sam's wrath rose to boiling-pitch, and he very nearly came to blows with other customers. It was no use; the theft had been done so smartly by an unknown that not a responsible person could have tracked the culprit. The loser simmered down and even laughed when I inserted a paragraph in a popular weekly known as the *Pink 'Un*: 'Sam Lewis says he would not lunch again at that place for two pins.'

*"Sam" Lewis and  
the Man in Haste.*

"The greatest coup which Sam Lewis ever effected in the short space of half-an-hour was when a very wealthy nobleman suddenly appeared at his office one morning and asked for a loan on the spot—a loan which would have made a City financier turn pale. Sam knew his man. He simply asked if the cheque should be made open, and handed it to the borrower, whom he asked to join him in a bottle of champagne while the necessary bills were being prepared. When these documents were ready, the nobleman in question observed, 'I see you haven't charged much for interest.' 'No,' returned Sam; 'I know you're a Griffiths' (alluding to the 'Safe' man); but some of your pals are Chubs, safe to be caught by my fly!'—and so they were.

*"Sam" Lewis's  
Friends.*

"Sam Lewis's death will cause woe and consternation in several noble family circles, not by reason of personal regret, but because of the mortgages which will probably be called in by his executors. The greatest rap he ever had on the knuckles was over the Aylesbury estates in Wiltshire. Sam was absolutely sure of making a great coup over the transfer of the Savernake estates to Lord Iveagh, when, lo and behold! up sprang the histrionic spouse of the Coster-Marquis. This lady carried her point—the estates reverted to the heir-presumptive.

*His Charitable  
Will.*

The *Jewish Chronicle* startled Lond'on the other day with the news that Mr. Sam Lewis had left between three and four millions of money, and bequeathed no less than £1,004,750 to deserving charities—£5500 as immediate bequests to Guy's Hospital, various Jewish benevolent institutions, and the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund; but the great bulk as reversions on the death of his handsome wife.

*Heidelberg College.* A correspondent writes: "Neuenheim College is not the only scholastic institution in Germany which is conducted by Englishmen for British boys on Public School lines. Heidelberg College, which faces the Castle, is conducted in quite a similar manner by Dr. Holzberg and Mr. Catty, who in every way carry out the methods of the best English Public Schools. There are seven acres of playing-fields, and the Rowing Club on the Neckar is quite a local institution. The old students are to be found everywhere—in Klondyke and in Ceylon, in splendid positions in India and fighting at 'the Front' in South Africa, as well as leading forlorn hopes in trackless wildernesses. Their College magazine is the *Alt-Heidelberg*, and they have their annual Old Boys' dinner in London as regularly as the year comes round. The last took place on the 12th inst., at the Trocadéro. Dr. Holzberg came over for it, and received the warmest of welcomes."

Another noteworthy dinner takes place at the Trocadéro this evening—that of the Institute of British Carriage-Manufacturers, with the new President, Mr. Alexander Naughty, of Dingwall, in the chair.



MISS VENIE BELFRY, A LONDON MUSIC-HALL FAVOURITE.  
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.





## RAISING THE CURTAIN—IN SEVERAL ACTS.

SCENE: The stage of the Town Hall at Milde-on-Mud: interior set. In the Centre is a French-window giving on to a garden back-cloth. Entrances R. and L. Chair down stage L. Usual furniture. As the curtain is down and there are no head-lights, the scene is in rather more than semi-darkness. The time is about five minutes to eight. From the other side of the curtain comes the sound of chattering, shuffling of chairs, subdued laughter, &c., indicating that the audience, in a pleased state of anticipation, are taking their places.

Seated in chair down L. is MISS MAISIE, daintily dressed in a pretty summer-costume. During the intervals between making sure of her hair-pins, she is frantically learning her opening line. On a chair at the back of the stage is the STAGE-MANAGER, resplendent in the impossible uniform of a non-existent Lancer regiment. He is endeavouring to fasten up a lace curtain over the French-window by driving a tack into it with the hilt of his sword. On the left of the STAGE-MANAGER is the JUVENILE LEAD, clad in an equally daring uniform designed by the costumier. On the right of the STAGE-MANAGER are the MISSES EVELYN and BEATRICE, each holding a copy of the play in a slightly nervous grasp. Peering at the arriving audience through a little hole in the proscenium is the HEAVY FATHER, quite unlovable in an iron-grey wig and a pair of side-whiskers. A strange glitter in his eye betokens that he is badly smitten with footlight fever. Behind him is the CURATE, busily engaged in clearing his throat and easing his white choker. In the wings on the other side of the stage is the COMEDY FATHER, grimly determined to read his part right through before his first entrance. He has been word-perfect for six weeks, but no matter.

CURATE (pulling at HEAVY FATHER's coat-tails). What sort of a house is it? Let's have a look.

HEAVY FATHER (his eye still glued to the hole in the proscenium). Filling up splendidly. The Allbut-Robinsons have just come in.

CURATE (paling beneath his make-up). How many of them?

HEAVY FATHER (with-out budging). All of 'em.

CURATE. And Dollie?

HEAVY FATHER. Rather! She's pointing to your name on the programme and seems much amused.

CURATE (pulling him away and looking for himself). So she does, the little beast! I shall never hear the last of this game.

[He wildly recalls some of his most tender lines and wonders what on earth Miss Dollie will think of them.

JUVENILE LEAD (to STAGE-MANAGER on chair). I say, old chap, just have a look and see if my beastly trappings are all right.

STAGE-MANAGER (patiently). Wait half-a-second, until I've fixed this curtain up. (Then, irritably, as he suddenly hits himself on the thumb with the hilt of his sword.) Why the dickens don't you ask somebody else? How can I fix this curtain if you stand there babbling and chattering?

JUVENILE LEAD (shrugging his shoulders philosophically and appealing to the MISSES EVELYN and BEATRICE). Are they all right? I don't want to go on looking like a fool.

STAGE-MANAGER (aside). Better not go on at all, then.

MISS EVELYN. Yes, they're lovely!

MISS BEATRICE. Perfect!

JUVENILE LEAD (much pleased). Are they really? Thanks, awfully! You know, I think this game is hardly worth the candle.

MISS EVELYN. I shouldn't mind if I knew my part.

MISS BEATRICE. Nor should I. I'm sure to miss all my cues.

JUVENILE LEAD (in sudden terror). Great Scott! I've entirely forgotten my opening line. Is it, "Where are our host and his wife?" or "Where are our host and hostess?"

MISS BEATRICE. "Where are our host and hostess?"

MISS EVELYN. No. "Where are our host and his wife?"

JUVENILE LEAD. Well, which is it? Blessed if I know! (He rushes off to find a book, upsetting two chairs and a table with his spurs on the way.)

STAGE-MANAGER (coming down from the chair and pulling the lace curtain, which he had just fixed nicely, with him). Confound the beastly thing! It'll have to stay down. (Hurts it into the wings.) Now, then, beginners ready, please. Hush! No talking. Everybody off the stage but Miss Maisie. Juvenile Lead, get ready to enter with Miss Evelyn. 'Ssh! Curtain's just going up.

JUVENILE LEAD (in desperate whisper). But I don't know my line.

STAGE-MANAGER. Can't help it! Gag! (He rings a little bell.) Up with the curtain there!

[Nothing happens, as the curtain-man has been sent out hurriedly for pens and notepaper.

STAGE-MANAGER (rushing to curtain-cord in the o. p. wings). Ring the bell, somebody! Quick!

MISS MAISIE (suddenly jumping up from her chair in the centre of the stage). Wait a minute! I forgot to put my book away!

[The STAGE-MANAGER, who has got the curtain a little way up, lets it fall again hurriedly. There is a sound of suppressed laughter from the front.]

COMEDY FATHER (appearing in the wings on the Prompt side, and shaking his fist across the stage at the STAGE-MANAGER). You let that down on my toe, you fool!

[Everybody on the stage giggles except the STAGE-MANAGER. MISS MAISIE rushes back to her chair. The curtain goes up with a jerk.]

JUVENILE LEAD (whispering excitedly to MISS EVELYN). Is it "wife" or "hostess"?

MISS EVELYN. I don't know. It doesn't matter. Come on

JUVENILE LEAD (desperately). But it's no use going on when—

MISS EVELYN. You simply must! They're all waiting.

STAGE-MANAGER (coming up behind them). Why on earth don't you go on? (Giving the JUVENILE LEAD a push in the back.) Buck up, man!

JUVENILE LEAD. But I tell you—!

[They enter abruptly. The JUVENILE LEAD, vainly trying to hold up his sword, remove his shako, and draw off his gauntlet at the same time, sits down unexpectedly on the carpet.]

JUVENILE LEAD (still sitting on the carpet and fixing MISS DOLLIE, who is in the front row, with his eye). "Where are our host and his—er—hostess?"

(Loud laughter. The play proceeds.)



"WHERE ARE OUR HOST AND HIS—ER—HOSTESS?"



Chicot





MISS JULIA NEILSON,  
WHOSE NELL GWYN IN "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY" IS RE-PRESENTED TO LONDONERS AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

AMONG the younger authors of to-day, Mr. Maurice Henry Hewlett (author of "Richard Yea-and-Nay" and "The Forest Lovers") stands out as one of the writers whose works will be known and appreciated a long way down the present century. As a student of the works of George Meredith, he has succeeded in emulating his master



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT,  
AUTHOR OF "RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY."  
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

in his choice use of words, for he is a stylist of pronounced individuality. Mr. Hewlett is a Keeper in the Record Office, where he is at home among the documents under his care. He was born at Addington, Kent, on Jan. 22, 1861. The first book he published was "Earth-work out of Tuscany," in 1895. But it was not until the publication of "The Forest Lovers," in 1898, that his name became generally known to the readers of fiction. This romance at once placed Mr. Hewlett in the foremost rank of those who write romances. That powerful novel is now in its fortieth thousand, and its popularity has in no way diminished. There have also been issued from his pen some volumes of poetry, a drama, "Pan and the Young Shepherd," and in 1899 he published a

very successful volume of short stories, entitled "Little Novels of Italy."

Mr. Hewlett's last, and perhaps his greatest, work is

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY."

Although the title is long and cumbersome, it is yet expressive, and suggests the character of the hero of the romance. The following extract shows the King's double disposition: "Of him, therefore, torn by two natures, cast in two moulds, sport of two fates; the hymned and the reviled, the loved and loathed, spendthrift and a miser, King and a beggar, the bond and the free; god and man: of King Richard Yea-and-Nay, so made, so called."

THE FORTUNES OF THE KING IN FRANCE,

and the battles he fought, are sketched by a master-hand, and the interest is sustained until, as the author says, "the fire was out," and Richard was buried at Fontevault. Although Mr. Hewlett's work must be classed as an historical romance dealing with mediæval times, yet it is literature in the truest sense, and is undoubtedly a strong and powerful story (writes *The Sketch* "Expert of 'the Row'").

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THAT excellent American literary journal, the *Critic*, has celebrated its twentieth birthday. The first article published in its columns was an essay on William Blake, by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Longfellow was asked to contribute, but wrote: "I have nothing in hand which I wish to publish, and write less and less for the periodicals. I must leave that for younger writers." From the beginning the Editors have been Miss J. L. Gilder and her brother, Mr. Joseph Gilder. The *Critic* was at first a fortnightly, then it became a weekly, and, finally, after eighteen years, turned itself into a monthly magazine. The Editors say that this was "a transformation which it should have undergone many years before." I humbly dissent. The magazine is very good, but I much preferred the weekly. America ought to have a weekly journal devoted to literature, and the *Critic* filled the place admirably. At one time the London Correspondent was Mr. W. E. Henley. He was followed, if I recollect rightly, by Mrs. L. B. Walford. I trust the *Critic* has many years of success before it.

This journal, by the way, announces that Mr. George Smith, the publisher, has been knighted, and is now Sir George M. Smith. I have not seen this announcement in any English paper, but I hope it is true, or rather, I hope that Mr. Smith will be made a Baronet. He richly deserves the honour, were it only for the work he has done and the enterprise he has shown in connection with "The Dictionary of National Biography." Miss Gilder says that she does not remember ever seeing the name of a Knight over a publishing-house. But the late Sir Thomas Clark, of the

publishing-house of Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, was a Baronet, and Sir George Newnes and Sir John Leng have also been selected for Royal favour, one as a Baronet, the other as a Knight. I have not exhausted the list, for reasons that will be obvious to the readers of *The Sketch*.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" are beginning to attract attention in America, where they are attributed to the authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Perhaps I should have said "author," for the following advertisement appears in a department store's column in a Richmond, Va., paper: "Elizabeth and her German Garden," attributed to the Prince of Wales; two cloth-bound editions, 39 and 98c."

A new periodical, entitled the *Thrush*, and devoted to poetry—or rather, to verse—has been published in a brown-paper wrapper. The price is fourpence, and the number of pages is eight. Contributions appear in the first number from Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henley, Miss Emily Hickey, and Mr. Mullett Ellis. Mr. Ellis appears to be the Editor, and has written an "Ode to the Thrush," which occupies five pages, and commences—

Oh sovereign songster of the hawthorn bush!  
Sweet, warbling thrush!  
Love's royal ecstasy is in the note  
That from thy throat  
Endows the freshness of the waking morn,  
And gaily tells another day is born.

Contributions are promised from Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Canon Rawsley, and others. The concluding paragraph of the Preface is as follows—

Come then! Let us take hands! Up! let us to the gardens where the harpers sing! Let us scan the horizon, for the day is breaking. A rare melody is in our ears, the intense and tremulous voicing of great aspirations. Hush! The song of birds mingles with the murmurs of souls awakening, expecting, and hope stirs our eager spirits, for a new century is born.

Literature contains some interesting extracts from reviews of the century. It is rather astonishing that so carefully edited a journal should spell Lord Jeffrey's name as "Jeffreys." I should not have mentioned this if it had been a mere misprint, but the mistake is inveterate and frequent. One of the most accomplished scholars of English literature known to me recently spelt the name "Jeffries." I am interested to read a quotation from the *Saturday Review*'s notice of "The Shaving of Shagpat," which appeared in January 1856. My belief is that this criticism was written by "George Eliot," who was a contributor to the *Saturday* in its early days. At any rate, it is certain that she wrote criticisms in the *Westminster Review* and in the *Leader*. If, in addition, she wrote in the *Saturday Review*, she must be put down as a multiple reviewer of the deepest dye.

I saw recently some remarks on the vanity of all contemporary criticism. They were illustrated from the case of Tennyson. I thought at the time that both statement and illustration were very dubious. *Literature* quotes from "Christopher North's" review of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," published in *Blackwood* in 1832. It begins—

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet is to be the Pet of a Coterie, and the very saddest of all if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain, and Sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of the Empire, even from Hampstead Hill.

This shows that Tennyson at first had his warm admirers and advocates. For my part, I believe that no writer of real merit has appeared in the century without being enthusiastically hailed by at least a select few. I further believe that the opinion of young and generous critics has turned out, upon the whole, sounder than that of the staid and more sceptical reviewers. There may be exceptions to this, as in the case of Alexander Smith, but they are balanced by the mistakes which have been made when old reviewers have lost their heads, as has happened once or twice. We may be fairly certain that contemporary criticism is fairly correct in estimating the position of an author in relation to his contemporaries. When it goes beyond that, danger and error come in.

The functionary once known as a "publisher's reader" is now spoken of as a "literary adviser." It has been said, reasonably enough so far, that the old name is good enough for him. But the fact is that the change of name points to a change of function. In old days, authors went to publishers. Nowadays, publishers go to authors. The publisher once depended for his books mainly on the manuscripts that were sent in, and it was natural that he should employ a literary man to examine and report on them. Nowadays, the literary adviser discusses with the publisher the books that are wanted, and endeavours to secure the help of well-known authors. Or, if he does not suggest plans for series and subjects for books, he at least keeps an eye upon rising genius, and helps his employer to estimate the offers that may fairly be made. Manuscripts sent in by unknown writers are, of course, still examined, but no publisher who knew his business would venture on more than a few books every year by new authors. The difficulty of making a new name familiar to the public increases year by year. For the staple of his list the publisher must look to those who are more or less well-known. To estimate the pecuniary value of a book is no easy task. You cannot take the sales of previous books by the same author as an infallible guide. There are many cases where sales have unexpectedly gone up, but these are less numerous. Upon the whole, then, I think, the change of designation is justified, for the simple reason that the reading of manuscripts is now the least part of a literary adviser's duties. Formerly, it was by far the most important.





THE "OPHIR," IN WHICH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK SAILS FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE SPRING.  
(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AND THE BALACLAVA HEROES AT THE PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.  
(See "The Sketch" Theatrical and Musical Gossip.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S FUND.

*The Institution with the Largest Number of Employees in the World, and Unpaid at that.*

WITH something like twelve thousand people working in its interests, the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association may fairly claim the distinction given to it of having the largest force of workers in the world. Were that not enough to make it unique, the fact that they all work without any remuneration, direct or indirect, but merely for sweet charity's sake, would assuredly make it so.

Now an Association of national importance, it was begun in a very small way by Colonel Gildea, C.B., of whom it will always be an enduring memorial. Most men who had organised such an institution would be deservedly proud; yet Colonel Gildea is conspicuously modest in speaking of his own work in inaugurating the Association and in still working for it.

"The Association was originally started in 1885," said Colonel Gildea, "not only for times of peace, but essentially to prepare an organisation for just what has been occurring in time of war. For twenty-five years I have taken a small part in raising other War Funds, such as for the Zulu and Afghan campaigns, and I then found the necessity for an organisation like this. The whole system on which it was started was voluntary, as I believed there were numbers of people who would undertake to work free of charge for such an object. For

twelve years, however, I carried on the work at my own house and by myself alone. That in itself obtained the confidence of the public, as all the money went for the object for which it was intended, there being no office expenses, no clerks, and nothing, in fact, to pay. In time, the work increased so enormously that, much against my will, and in consequence of pressure being brought to bear upon me—that, if anything happened to me personally, the work would collapse, the establishment of an office was decided upon, with a secretary, and here we are with one small office and one secretary. For the three years previous to the outbreak of the War the whole work was carried on by myself and the secretary, but since the War broke out we have had to have extra help, which has been confined to a temporary clerk and one typewriter. Our hours have been ten to twelve a-day in the office, to say nothing of the work which we take home to do.

"What we have been doing for the last sixteen years, in fact, has been carrying out the recommendation of the late Parliamentary Committee presided over by Lord Justice Collins. The local branches do their best to raise funds locally, but in a large number of the poor counties, where they are unable to obtain sufficient funds, and where there are a great number of cases to be helped, money is supplied from here to whatever extent may be required to supplement the local funds. To get funds, the Committee have, of course, had to appeal to the nation. In the first instance, our appeal in 1899, on the outbreak of the War, was, by direction of the Princess of Wales, for additional funds to meet the increased expense, and, in answer to that appeal, we received, direct from the public, over £510,000, and from the other sources mentioned by the Princess amounts reaching a total of three-quarters of a million. We have supplied from here all that money to supplement our local branches, and, last year, we gave to London alone £97,000, and £60,000 to Ireland. In consequence of these outgoings, we found that, if the work was to be continued, it was necessary to make a 'special' appeal, and the answer which has already been made to the letter of the Princess of Wales, backed up by that of Lord Roberts, has been such as to prove that the nation is never slow in responding most generously to the demands on its patriotism, and has confidence in the Association.

"From the very commencement the Princess of Wales has taken the greatest possible personal interest in the matter, and virtually looks upon it as her own Fund."

Such is the Association whose mission it is to help those who are "doing their country's work." It needs money. It deserves money. Its motto is "Bis dat qui cito dat." Most of us have given once. Let us all give to it again.



COLONEL GILDEA, C.B.,

THE PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDER OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' FAMILIES ASSOCIATION.

Photo by Martin Jacobette, South Kensington.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*London in Catalepsy—Is London Too Fat?—"Tube" as a Home for the Destitute—"The Infernal Regions, Limited"—Vibration a Pleasure—Tubequakes—(The Very Latest) Mystery of a Hansom Cab.*

LONDON traffic has reached a crisis. The Underground proclaims itself "desperate," and is to be purified and chastened by electricity. Fierce attacks are made on the "Tube," which was to inaugurate a Greater, Better, and a Nobler London. The 'buses threaten to become horseless-carriages (in a new sense) owing to the drain of remounts for South Africa. Walking is an expensive luxury in so large a district as London. There is slush in winter. In summer the crossing-sweeper has the regrettable habit of bringing in artificial mud from the country in his pockets to deposit on the crossing as the *raison d'être* of his vocation—which is, technically, punishable by a month's imprisonment.

The constant deadlocks in traffic have really a socialistic tendency. Taking a hansom is more dignified, but slower, than walking. Rich and poor are thus put on an equality. Again, increase in "Tube," underground, and 'bus systems' notoriously makes us too fat. London has a vice of lounging in vehicles, sleepy, liverish, and overfed. It is forced to take beneficial walking exercise by a general upheaval of the drains down Piccadilly or the Strand, which has thus an important sanitary effect generally overlooked. A well-known British General, asked what exercise he had when in town, said he took a cab to his Club every afternoon and back again! The rate of London locomotion, again, is a valuable antidote to the feverish hurry of modern life.

To the poor, the "Tube" is invaluable. Temperature, it has just been found, is not affected by winter at this level, and anyone in a position to lay out twopence can bask below in the tunnel all day. Warming the destitute by bonfire has been a complete fiasco in Paris. It is now proposed to establish Government subterranean vaults or wells, into which the poor would be lowered *en masse* in inclement weather (official rations being shot down at fixed intervals) and extracted again when it grew warmer. All future model-dwellings should be excavated fifty feet down—thus solving the housing problem by a single master-stroke. "Hooligans"—driven so by cold and misery—could be thawed into respectable ratepayers and churchwardens.

This internal heat of the earth (of which Sir Robert Ball tells us so much) has, strangely enough, not been turned to account, considering the high price of coal. Shafts should be sunk, and exotic fruits forced day and night, then run up and sold at famine-prices in January. Cooking at the big restaurants could be made self-supporting. Babies could be incubated, and delicate children submerged from one thousand to two thousand feet down (according to constitution) for a year or so—till after the squalling period, in fact. The first manufacturer to be beforehand in using the heat of the lower regions to drive his machinery will undersell the rest of the trade with ease. "The Infernal Regions, Limited," might even be formed into a monopoly, and switched on to large factories at so much an hour. An entire underground *trottoir roulant* system could be worked by it.

There is a delusion that vibration is immediately about to ruin the "Tube" industry. Vibration is not new to London. I lived in one house, over the Underground Railway, where every ten minutes a subterranean roar made the crockery jump on the table, the locomotive snorted audibly past the floor of the dining-room, the domestic animals barked and mewed in protest (as with earthquakes, these intelligent creatures could hear the convulsion more acutely than human beings), a defective D-flat in the piano played angrily, and the doors opened themselves and shut with an imposing bang. Now and then a picture was raked off its nail, or a chandelier—generally in the middle of a dinner-party—came down impressively. Yet, was it unpleasant? By no means. Once fragile articles were securely lashed, with a good hold upon the wall one could positively enjoy the motion, which was a preventive against seasickness before a voyage. The nerves were braced as much as by riding a steeplechase or going into action.

The fact is that the English nation assumes everything new to be guilty until it proves itself innocent. A man living in Oxford Street writes to a newspaper to complain that the "Tube" (eighty feet down, scientists please note) has set his house on fire! Only this and nothing more. He does not accuse it of giving him influenza, jaundice, or miner's-elbow. He pointedly omits to blame it for the recent cold weather or the blizzards in Central Russia. He refrains from attributing to it the high price of coal, the low birth-rate, and the Chinese imbroglio.

Hansom-driving is the latest form of the open-air consumption cure. It is almost the only occupation which compels staying constantly in the open air, and the free exchange of profanity with fares and friendly cabmen develops the chest and prevents brooding on invalidism. Tuberculous working-men have been for some time prescribed carriage exercise of this kind. Now, a scion of aristocracy, who was vaguely said to be taking a cure "abroad," has mysteriously reappeared. He has, in reality, driven an Islington hansom for the last two years—*incog.*! He is fat and his good looks have returned.

HILL ROWAN.



"CHARLIE" REDIVIVUS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

*This is the only photo ever taken of "Charlie" Redivivus, the monster elephant which had to be slain some months ago at the Crystal Palace, after it had killed its keeper and caused another elephant, "His Royal Highness," to run amok through the Concert-Room and Central Annexe and to elude its captors as far as Beckenham. During life, "Charlie's" total weight was about four tons, his height 10 ft., and his body-girth 16 ft. 3 in. The weight of the skin alone was one ton. The mounting of this huge animal, as it now appears in the new Natural History Tableaux at the Crystal Palace, is a masterpiece of the taxidermist's art. For the first time, probably, in the history of animal-stuffing, the skin of the mighty pachyderm was literally hung over a specially constructed frame, a clay model being fashioned in like manner for the head. "Charlie," in his new surroundings, is seen crashing through the jungle, in the long grass of which are concealed a couple of tigers, one of which has already received the coup-de-grâce from his more powerful opponent.*



ANOTHER GOOD NATURAL HISTORY TABLEAU AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: AFRICAN FOREST-SCENE.



### HAIL TO STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!

There has been much friendly rivalry between various organisations in the Far West as to which should possess the largest flag. The honour of this distinction undoubtedly belonged to the Sons of Veterans, a

from a bridge-cable stretched over the river, from mountain to mountain. The bridge-cable was 1800 feet in the air, and was made specially strong to carry the immense weight of the flag—250 lb.

The originator of the novel idea of forming children into flags was a lady, Mrs. Hortense R. Reynolds, a well-known Supervisor of Music in

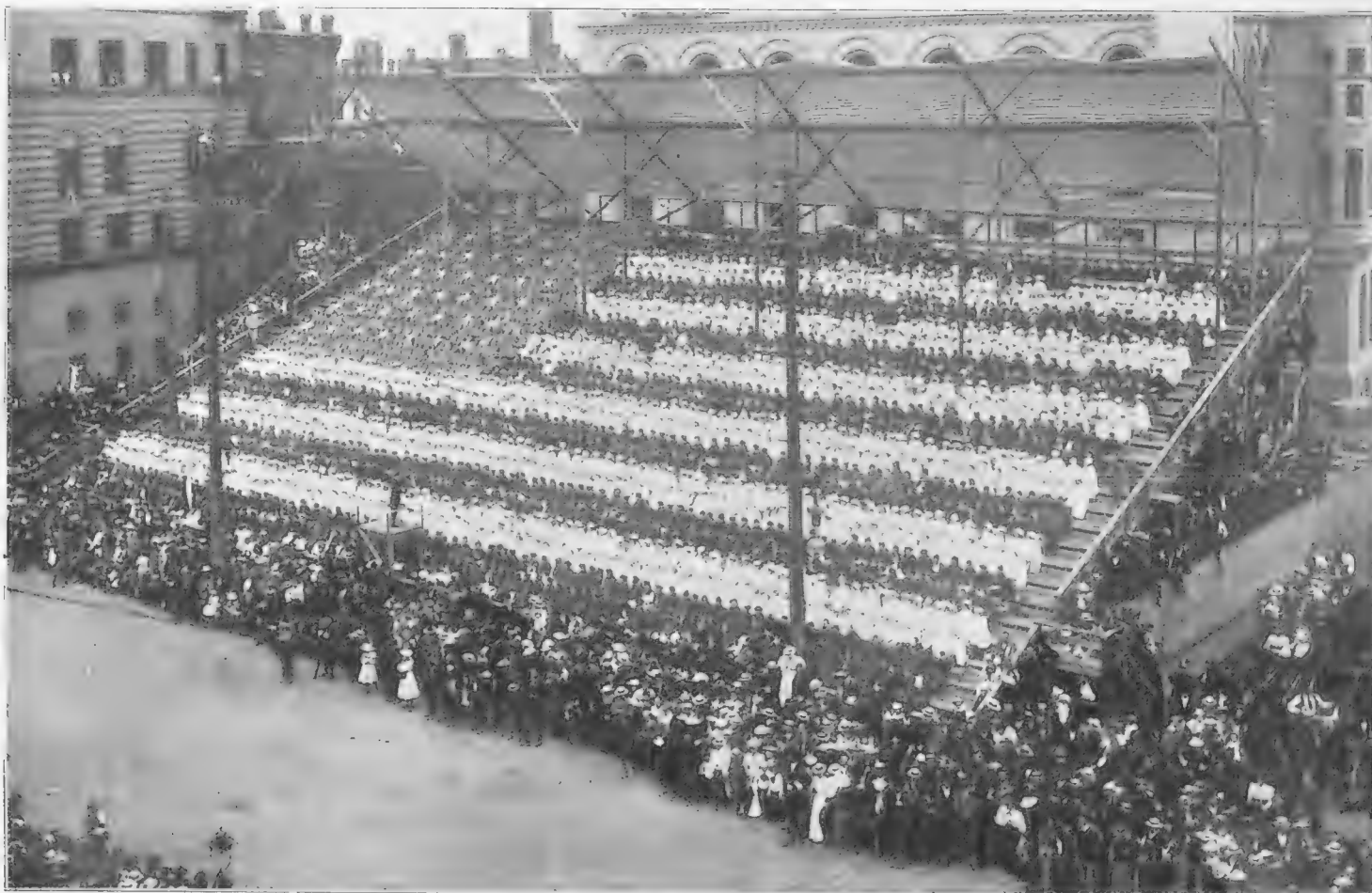


THE LARGEST FLAG IN THE WORLD—A COLUMBIAN SOUVENIR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHAEFER, PENNSYLVANIA.

patriotic organisation of Mauch-Chunk, Carbon County, in the State of Pennsylvania, who determined to raise over their town the largest flag ever made. The photograph represents this gigantic piece of bunting displayed on the ground before it was flung to the breeze. It measured 76 feet in length and 57 feet in width, was made by the Keystone Regalia Company, of Hazleton, and cost four hundred dollars. It was suspended

the Public Schools of Des Moines, Iowa. She arranged the first living Stars-and-Stripes, made up of nearly two thousand school-children, at Camp McKinley, in Iowa, on a great historic occasion which evoked much public enthusiasm. It was a huge success, the children entering into the spirit of the idea with the utmost enthusiasm. Since then probably a score of such flags have been loosed to the western winds.



SOUVENIR OF THE LIVING AMERICAN FLAG, COMPOSED OF NEARLY TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAAS BROTHERS, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

## THE ROARING GAME.

RICHARD and I are great friends, and have been since we first met at Oxford. He is a splendid fellow, a thorough Bohemian, and well known in the literary circles of both London and New York.

He was staying with me for a day or two in the North, and we were idly chatting one evening over pipe and glass. I was smoking my oldest briar; Richard was enjoying one of his choicest and daintiest cigarettes. Outside, the moon shone clear and bright, and, if the frost held, I was sure that the lake would provide us a good day's enjoyment, for the ice would be in prime condition in the morning. Furthermore, I knew that the local enthusiasts of the roarin' game had been watching the aspect of the sky for a week, and had predicted a keen frost before the close of the month.

"What do you say to curling to-morrow, Dickie?" I asked somewhat abruptly.

Through a cloud of smoke I saw that Richard looked aghast. He is little acquainted with sport, and I knew that he hadn't the faintest idea what I meant. As the smoke cleared, I saw him blush a deep blush and put his hand instinctively up to his head. Then I remembered his luxuriant curls, and laughed.

"No, Dickie, I don't mean that. A day on the ice, you know—our national winter game, 'The Roarin' Game o' Curlin'."

"Ah, yes," he yawned, as he helped himself to another whisky-and-soda. "I understand. I was dreaming."

"That's nothing new!" I returned.

Richard looked pleased. In Clubland we call him "The Dreamer"; in the literary world his genius has won for him the name of poet.

"Then we go?" I questioned.

"As you like," he replied.

Next day the ice was good, and we went.

As we neared the lake, there was a yell like an Indian war-whoop. Then we heard loud cries of, "Soop her up! Soop her up, man! Soop her up!"

"Are they quite harmless?" Richard remarked with a sly smile, as we approached the players.

"Weel gairdit! Weel gairdit!" shouted the Doctor.

Richard pricked his ears.

"Foreigner?" he asked, quite seriously.

"No, Scotch; thoroughly Scotch, that's all," I replied.

"Quite enough, too," he said slowly. Then, energetically, "What on earth does he mean?"

"He means, 'Well guarded,'" I explained.

"Och, man Jock, that's a guid ane!" old Farmer Macpherson shouted "Bad to bate! Bad to bate!"

"The Deil!" he yelled, as a stone followed from the veteran Wully, and "chipped" the winner.

Farmer Macpherson was now looking straight at Richard.

"He means you, Dickie," I whispered.

"He's chippit the wunner! He's chippit the wunner!" the old farmer cried excitedly, as he waved his broom in the air. "He's no in oor stable, but he's chippit the wunner!"

Richard turned pale and edged back.

"He's talking about the game. Don't be alarmed. You're quite safe."

"Thank you," he replied quietly. Then, sarcastically, "And this is curling?"

"Dod is it!" somebody yelled in his ear. "Dod is it, sir! We'll no leave a bone in their bodies afore we've feenished wi' them."

"I think that we had better move," suggested Richard.

"It's only a figure of speech," I interpreted. "The contest is keen, and the excitement is great."

"I understand why it is called the 'roaring game,' I think," he said good-humouredly. "I've heard little else since we came. You Scotch folks must be demons in a fight, if you can manage to get the blood up like this in play." So saying, he lit a perfumed cigarette and began to watch the scene with great interest. Farmer Macpherson came up and shook hands with me, and I introduced him to my friend. He sniffed the air audibly, and I saw him fix his small, twinkling eyes on Richard's cigarette. Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a flask.

"Will ye no change yer breath, sir?" he said, as he offered it to Richard.

Richard's quick wit understood, and he rose cent. per cent. in the farmer's estimation.

"Dod! ye'll mak' a' curler, after a'! Ye'll mak' a' curler!" he repeated, as he took back the flask and handed it to me. "And tak' my word for it, there's no a better man, sir, than yer frien' there to teach ye."

To hide my blushes, I took the proffered flask and held it to my lips.

J. PARRINGTON-POOLE.



COUNTING THE SCORE.

Despite the snow, that delicious vegetable, sea-kale, is coming into the market. But there is sea-kale and sea-kale. The ordinary growth of the market-gardens round about London is palatable, but it is no more to be compared with the plant raised under certain conditions on the Southern Coast of England than chalk is to cheese. First and foremost comes the sea-kale grown on the pebbly beach which stretches from the mouth of Southampton Water to that of the Beaulieu River. It is fat as marrow, and, as an advertising agent might say, rich in ozone. Next comes the Worthing sea-kale, which owes its fine quality to its cultivation under seaweed, with which the carts of the gardeners are filled after every storm. There is also excellent kale in the Isle of Wight, but, owing to high rate of transport, it rarely reaches London.

Sir Archibald Geikie, who has been Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom since 1881, retires from that position on March 1, and will be succeeded by a well-known member of his London staff, Mr. Jethro Justinian Harris Teall, author of a work on the rocks of the British Islands, entitled "British Petrography," published in 1888. Sir Archibald, who was born in Edinburgh, Dec. 28, 1835, and was educated at the High School and University there, is an Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, D.Sc. of Cambridge and Dublin, and a corresponding member of many learned Continental Societies. He entered the Geological Survey in 1855, became Director-General of the Scottish Survey in 1867, and first Murchison Professor of Geology at Edinburgh University, a post in which he was succeeded by his younger brother, James Geikie, LL.D., in 1882. He has been Director of the Museum of Geology, Jermyn Street, since 1882, and was President of the British Association in 1892. He has published Lives of Edward Forbes and Sir Roderick Murchison, his predecessor in office, and many text-books. Mr. Teall was born at Northbeach, Gloucester, on Jan. 5, 1849, and was educated at Cheltenham and Cambridge.



WULLY "CHIPS" THE WINNER.



"SOOP HER UP!"

From Photographs by J. Parrington-Poole, Paxton, Berwick-on-Tweed.



## THE REAL HADDON CHAMBERS.

IN appearance, Charles Haddon Chambers, the author of "The Awakening," due to-night at the St. James's, is as mild a mannered man as ever wrote a play. His very front-names, given to him by his parents in honour of the late Mr. Spurgeon, are, as one may say, indicative of innocence. Moreover, his method of talking, when in reposeful form, is of the blandest; while his smile, when he is not roused, is the sweetest imaginable. In addition to all this, his smoothly—nay, scrupulously—plastered hair, decorating his apparently low forehead, together with the class of collar that he adopts, makes him strongly resemble an unsuspecting curate—and a very pale and very young curate at that. Quite a boy ecclesiastic, in point of fact.

But, ah! if you knew the real Charles Haddon Chambers as I know him! Then, indeed, would you soon learn, firstly, that this apparently mild and meek boy-dramatist is really on what the late Tom Robertson was wont to call "the Heavenly side of Forty." Likewise would you speedily discover that he is really a most desperate character. Indeed, he feareth neither man nor beast, and would as lief fight to the death with one as the other. As a matter of fact, he would, being of a Huckleberry Finnish type, much prefer fighting both at once.

It is no variation from veracity to say that the supposedly childlike Chambers has often been compelled to indulge in war to the knife both as regards man and beast. He was, you must know, born and bred in Australia, where, after several years of Civil Service, he was a boundary-rider, not only dashing along on the fiercest and most untamed of steeds, but also putting in considerable time at bush-ranger-stalking. Many is the "Captain Starlight" kind of personage whom young Chambers has had to do with; and many is the terribly risky encounter he has had with this or that aborigine or other fearful wildfowl.

And now you can see where and how it was that Haddon Chambers picked up the material for his powerful drawing-room melodramas of Australian interest, "Captain Swift" and "The Idler," not to mention the Adelphi melodramas which he wrote in collaboration with Comyns Carr.

Before and after arriving in London, some fourteen years ago, Haddon Chambers varied his other pursuits by going in for journalism. His going-in was chiefly concerned with that saucy but always smart paper, the *Sydney Bulletin*, which journal he caused to engage our Mr. Phil May. Therein Chambers, having acute and often personal remembrances of such powerful and thrilling prose- and verse-writers as Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsey Gordon, and Henry Kendall, wrote many a highly dramatic story. And anon he performed similar deeds of journalistic prowess in London.

Even on coming into England and essaying to tempt Thespian fortune by sundry little dramatic efforts, such as "The Open Gate" and "Devil Caresfoot," young Chambers kept up—and, indeed, still keeps up in some measure—his Bohemian habits. Both in London, at his

favourite Clubs (never mind where they are), and at his once favourite English play-writing resort, Westgate-on-Sea, Haddon Chambers has long held his own as a more or less Strayed Reveller.

But Strayed Reveller or no, Chambers has contrived always to work diligently. Yes, right away from the time when he, nearly twenty years ago, was scribbling in London all sorts of stories of adventures, right up to the time of his preparing Mr. George Alexander's latest play, namely, "The Awakening."

This play, which I found at the moment of writing being vigorously rehearsed on the St. James's stage, took, I find, the cheery Chambers eighteen months to map out and to develop up to the form in which I found it. When I *did* strike it, I found this (at times) pugilistic

playwright absolutely in tears, because of his strong feelings regarding certain of the particularly pathetic situations which he has put therein. He is so enthusiastic, you know.

To sum up, as far as one dare do before actual production, I think I may promise some powerful "sensations," especially in the third Act of this play. This, dealing with the Awakening by Pure Love of the sometime slumbering moral nature of the chief male character, will really startle you.

All I need, in conclusion, advise *Sketch* playgoers to do as regards "The Awakening" is to be careful to be in time for the raising of the curtain, and on no account to miss the climax of the apparently tremendously powerful third Act, where Miss Fay Davis and Mr. Alexander—But, hold! Enough!

## THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

The death of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar removes from the world a very notable and interesting Royal personality. With the exception of the Pope—whose kingdom is, after all, not of this world—the Grand Duke was the *doyen* of living Sovereigns, and for close on forty-eight years he had reigned well and wisely over the Grand Duchy which will always be indissolubly connected with the name of Goethe. But Goethe was not the only genius associated with Saxe-Weimar; Schiller gave the future Grand Duke lessons, and Liszt was at one time bandmaster at the

Grand-Ducal Theatre. In his Grand Duchess the late Grand Duke was singularly fortunate, for Princess Sophia of the Netherlands was a very clever, remarkable woman, to whom was due in a great measure the restoration of Luther's Wathurg, as well as the creation of a Goethe Museum. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess celebrated their golden wedding three years before the death of the latter, and just before the premature death of their son and heir, who, however, left two sons, of whom the eldest, Prince Wilhelm Ernst, is now Grand Duke.

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar becomes, with the exception of the little King of Spain, the youngest of European male rulers, for he is only four-and-twenty. He has been, since the death of his father, heir-presumptive to the Dutch Crown, and it was at one time frequently rumoured that he would become Queen Wilhelmina's Prince Consort.



MR. C. HADDON CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKENING," ANNOUNCED FOR IMMEDIATE PRODUCTION AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

## MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER

## AT HOME AND OUT.

**A**LTHOUGH my old friend George Alexander (whose other Christian name is Gibb, and whose surname is Samson) is of Scottish descent, he was really born in Reading, where the biscuits come from. That was nearly forty-three years ago, and, as the late Lord Beaconsfield would say, "a great many things have



MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER AT HOME.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

happened since then"—especially to this young Samson. His Caledonian canniness displayed itself at a very early age, and by the time he went into the City, in his very early teens, it speedily became evident that this good-looking lad was not only "quick at figures," but also a profound tactician. This profound tact is, as most people know, one of his strongest features as a theatrical manager. But that is another story.

While engaged, as he was for many years, at a certain well-known City firm, the boy Samson, like Mr. Bob Fubbs in the old-time comic song, "always was found at his desk to the minute." Instead, however, of emulating that famous "Clerk Confidential who to his employers was very essential"—namely, by "going at night to the 'Fisherman's Daughter' to have his fourpenn'orth of cold gin-and-water"—the future popular actor-manager would put in time at what might be called playgoing for a purpose. The purpose, of course, was that he might carefully watch how to become an actor, for an actor he was resolved to be.

And here let me adduce another proof of George Alexander's canniness. Although he pined to play-act, he did not, as some young stage-stricken folk do, "run away from home." Not he! He kept "solid" with his parents, and gradually felt his way. And when he was ready, and could without fear of refusal emulate the stranded young "pro." in the anecdote, and write home saying, "Dear Parents, I'm a great success—send me a pound," he went, and not till then.

In due course, George Alexander started acting at Nottingham, and his manager was Mr. W. H. Vernon, who has of late years rendered such valuable assistance to Alexander at the St. James's. In a very little while the smart young fellow was found playing the heroes on tour in what were generally known as "The Caste" comedies. It was during his two years' valuable experience in these plays of Robertson's that Sir Henry (then plain Mr.) Irving saw Alexander, and promptly engaged him for the Lyceum.

It was not until some nine years later that Mr. Alexander started in management on his own account. This, as will be remembered, was at the Avenue Theatre, where he produced "Dr. Bill" and Mr. Carton's charming play, "Sunlight and Shadow." With the last-named piece the young manager presently migrated to the St. James's. At this theatre, Mr. Alexander, while sparing no pains in an artistic sense, either as regards himself or company, nevertheless has always displayed that remarkable business aptitude which he evinced so early in life.

"I yield to no man in my love for the dramatic art," said Alexander to me one day. "But, nevertheless, I run my theatre to make money, and if I find one sort of play don't pay, I pretty quickly put up another one." Of late, we have seen fresh proof of the way in which he speedily takes off one play and puts up another, in the cases of "A Man of Forty" and "The Wisdom of the Wise." The last-named somewhat discussed play is to be replaced to-night (Wednesday) by Mr. Haddon Chambers's new drawing-room drama, "The Awakening," with which I found Mr. Alexander terribly busy when I arranged to talk to him for the purpose of this article. Happily, I have had the pleasure of knowing him so long that there was not much need to detain him to any extent. I find that he has a fine character in this play, which he hopes will to-night enchain the attention of kind friends in front from the rising of the curtain to the falling thereof. Towards autumn, he will, he tells me, in all probability produce the Poet Phillips's Italian poetic play, "Paolo and Francesca." And anon—well, he may submit himself to you in the character of the Prince of Denmark, or he may again postpone that interesting experiment for some time longer.

But what about Mrs. Alexander all this time? I feel really ashamed to have kept her out in the cold, as it were, for so long. For not only is she one of the most charming of hostesses, but let me tell you that she is a most valuable artistic aid to her husband, although she never acts, and apparently doesn't want to. I need not inform those who have the pleasure of knowing this most cheery lady that not only is she one of the best-dressed women in London, but she also knows how to dress other people. Not a play, especially a modern play, goes on to the St. James's stage the costumes of which have not been suggested or decided upon by this able actor-manager's very able wife.

Her home in Pont Street is a perfect model of what a home should be. I know of no cosier place, nor one more charmingly furnished or decorated withal. It is here that you soon become acquainted with the real George Alexander when away from his work, which he loves and which he always conducts so amiably to all concerned. It is here that you find him in his jolliest mood. It is here also that his Scotchness—as one may call it—comes out in a very pronounced form. I do not allude to that wonderful whisky which he would fain lure you on to absorb, so much as to the character of his very fine library. In this, Scottish literature of the best brand figures very largely. Between ourselves, George Alexander's wonderful editions of the works of his countryman, Robert Burns, have more than once made me break the Commandment concerning covetousness. Indeed, much as Alexander loves his Shakspeare, he is, I can assure you, a very



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, WHO PRODUCES MR. HADDON CHAMBERS'S NEW PLAY, "THE AWAKENING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT.

An "At Home" Portrait by Thomas, Cheapside.

dangerous person to take on as regards Burns. To me it is always a delight to chat with him and his charming wife, and no one can wonder at both having secured for themselves such troops of friends in their theatre and out of it.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.





MISS ISABEL JAY IN THE NAME-PART OF "PATIENCE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS AGNES FRASER AS THE LADY ELLA IN "PATIENCE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## "LA COMÉDIE" HERSELF AGAIN.

BY THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF "THE SKETCH."

THE performance at the reopening of the Comédie-Française was thin—a little of Jean Richepin and two slices of popular classical plays. In this I venture no reproach, because it was recognised as the

RENDEZVOUS OF "TOUT PARIS";

and when everyone has the chance of meeting every man of letters who can cap even more wittily the remark of the last speaker, when the



THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS: THE PUBLIC FOYER.

ladies are even above the ordinary standard of Parisian beauty—why everyone "in the movement" naturally wished to assist at the première of the new Théâtre-Français. In the old days before the fire,

MOUNET-SULLY HAD THE FINEST SALON—

savage, by the way, with swords and fierce-looking Oriental weapons, and suggesting his Othello and "L'Œdipe Roi"; and among the loges of the ladies that of

DEMARSY, WHOSE DEVOTION TO POOR MAX LEBAUDY

was so well known, was amongst the most delightfully bright in dainty colours. I will guarantee that this time Guityry will have the finest dressing-room, for his connection with

THE TROUPES OF BERNHARDT AND RÉJANE

has assured for him the photographs and artistic souvenirs of the most talented ladies in Paris. It is absolutely the pride of the Française Company to make their *loge* their home; and, when the fire was raging, the whole of the company were outside deploring, more than the house of Molière, the loss of some pet bird or dedicated picture. But to get back to

THE FOYER.

The discussion that raged, and it has a certain historic interest, was as to when Molière was born. The older and more erudite protested that he saw the light in 1620, and the younger chaffed them with proof-positive that in 1622, in the Rue St. Honoré, he first saw the light at the "Pavillon des Singes." Over this point the fight was bitter. The literary and artistic crowd fought against the assertion. The idea of Molière being born in a "monkey's cage," and the Maison de Molière established within fifty yards of his birthplace, was a little too much. But the discussion drifted into the joke of the evening, and, after the



THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS: THE NEW "GALERIE DES BUSTES."

voluntary smile and congratulatory salute, the question, "Was he born in the monkey's cage?" became the catch-word of the evening.

I took a stroll round the whole building, although it seemed sacrilegious to do it, for it was painfully unpleasant to leave the gay and merry crowd in the foyer, caring nothing for the stage, and to see the savage and earnest look of those in the cheaper places glaring fiercely at poor dead and gone Rubé's curtain, which never went up; while the joyous laughter of the evening-dressed came up in murmurs.

POOR RUBÉ!

He was proud of that curtain, which he regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and never lived to finish it. When President Émile Loubet left his *loge* to repay the visit that the King of the Belgians had paid to him, nothing interested him more than the arrangements that had been taken to save the

STATUES OF VOLTAIRE AND MOLIERE

in particular, and equally those in the Salle des Bustes. The President was keenly interested in the manœuvring of the statues, which is simple and effective, if the attendants keep their presence of mind in case of panic.

TWO HANDLES HAVE TO BE TURNED.

The one releases what may be called the machinery, and the second allows the attendant to move it with the slightest exertion to the nearest window. It is only fair criticism to ask what the firemen are going to do, in case of a catastrophe, with this merry-go-round kind of graveyard reminiscence of past fame in marble or plaster. The statue of Voltaire will, no doubt, get there, all the same, but how are the attendants going to carry a ton of marble down a ladder six inches wide? And, again, why put up that tank on the roof? It was proved at the last fire that it



THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS: THE VOLTAIRE STATUE (NOW ON ROLLERS, SO THAT THE MEN SHOWN COULD REMOVE IT EASILY IN CASE OF NEED).

was the carbonised fumes that the water threw out that prevented the firemen doing any work.

The popular foyer will ensure for the public something equivalent, in a simpler order, to the big foyer at the top of

THE GRAND STAIRCASE;

and I was glad to hear from M. Claretie that in future the free performances on "Le Jour de l'An" will be run on modern lines, as adopted by Sarah Bernhardt, and numbered tickets will be issued.

The Jambon paintings were beyond all praise. When he was commissioned to re-paint the decorations of the former house, he refused. Line by line he followed it from photographs; and when it was a question to paint "L'Autre France" decorations for Pierre Decourcelle, he would do it only on the condition that he went to Algeria. This accomplished scenic artist is the most truthful and accurate man on earth.

## THE SWEETEST SWEET.

What is there more sweet than the honey of Bee,  
Or breath of the breeze over heather-clad moor;  
The light wind that sweeping comes over the sea,  
Or scent of the roses that hang at your door?  
What is there more sweet than the favourite song,  
Or zephyr among the long, green grasses straying,  
Or the soft, silvery sound as it lingers among  
The leafy, high tree-tops, while branches are swaying,  
As we lie on the grass in the sheltering shade  
'Neath the wide-spreading branches so temptingly made,  
Forgetting time's flight in a summer day-dream;  
Or the sweetness that sings in the murmuring stream?

O, sweeter than song, or the honey of Bee,  
Or shelt'ring shade where dream-fancies are wove,  
The red rose perfume, or the breeze from the sea,  
Is a kiss from the ever-sweet lips that we love.

GEORGE DALZIEL.

## WITH A BICYCLE IN PERSIA.

**H**IS MAJESTY MUZAFFIR-IDDIN, Light of the Sun, Lord of the Firmament, the Shah of Persia, does not cycle himself. But his son, the Vali-ahd, does, and in the Palace at Teheran are several old bicycles which the Shah makes his Ministers of State ride whenever he gets low in spirits and wants his liver shaken up. It is more than a Minister's neck is worth to refuse at least attempting, and as it is only an attempt, and most fearful "croppers" are the result, the machines are not exactly in first-rate condition.

A Persian thinks the main use of a bicycle is to cause fun. One afternoon, at Ispahan, in Central Persia, I had the honour of an interview with the Zil-i-Sultan, the brother of the Shah.

It was rather a shock to my dignity, but I turned myself into a circus and rode round and round for the amusement of His Highness. I curved, I made eights, I "scorched," I coasted, I did fantastic tricks, before high Royalty. He asked me to ride helter-skelter round a lake in front of the Palace. I did my best. Suddenly, down went the brake, hard went the back-peddalling, and off I skipped, just in time to save a broken neck and a similar machine. There was a sheer drop right in front of me.

I turned round, expecting to receive the apologies of the Zil-i-Sultan.

But he was apoplectic from laughter, simply doubled-up at my discomfiture. His only disappointment was that I had not gone over the miniature precipice and broken off my limbs. Had I done so, he would, no doubt, have decorated my remaining torso with the Order of the Lion and the Sun. As it was, I received only an autograph-portrait.

There are no roads to speak of in the Land of the Shah. Yet at intervals there is some fairly good riding to be obtained. Across the trade-routes on the desert, the camels, whilst slouching along, push aside the stones with their feet and beat out half-a-dozen tracks that wave across the desert to the horizon like ribbons. But you mustn't go to Persia for scenery. Half Persia consists of desert covered with salt. The other half is just desert without any salt.

My impressions of Persia had been gathered from Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh." I am a sentimental youth, and his gushings about limpid streams and rose-bowers and ruby wine appealed to me. But if ever, in a future existence, I happen to meet Mr. Thomas Moore, I will, like the Private Secretary, be very cross with him. Persia is about as picturesque as a forsaken brick-field.

Cycling across Persia is nothing. Now and then, you have to walk and push your bicycle over rocks for twenty miles. Once, on the way from Shiraz to Bushire, covering the "Kotals," I walked more than a hundred miles out of a hundred and thirty-six, and I fancy I must have carried the confounded machine eighty miles. I walk lop-sided to this day from doing it.

Then, on one occasion, going over a mountain, called the Kuli-Kush, which means the "Shoulder of Death," my companions and I got lost in the snow, floundered about a whole night in a snowstorm with wolves prowling round, got so weak that we had to abandon our bicycles, and, altogether, had not an over-ge-nial time of it. In the morning some

horsemen came out on the mountains to look for our corpses. Happily, they had brought with them what is known in America as a "corpse-reviver." We were revived, and went on. We had been on the mountain for eighteen hours, and had nothing to eat for twenty-two hours.

Then the Persians would occasionally get nasty. They are very religious people, and they stoned us. It is uncomfortable being hit in the small of the back with a boulder. The only general satisfaction was that a Persian throws a stone as an English girl throws a cricket-ball. There is no fault to be found with the intention.

These are things by the way. Anybody that can ride a bicycle can ride across Persia. But it is the little worries that vex the soul of man—a snapped fork a hundred miles from anywhere, a burst tyre that will not be repaired, a persistently leaky valve! There are no hotels, and you have to stay at the dirty, mud-walled, vermin-infested caravanserais, and get used to lying on hard earth. The food and cooking are elementary, and consist at the best of greasy rice and tough mutton. You have to be a born adventurer to appreciate these things.

I got nearly barefoot. When I carried my bicycle, the pedal had an inclination to get into my pocket and rip it off, and I recall with painful distinctness how a certain part of a certain garment gave way altogether. I was never much good with a needle, and I got tired tearing the lining out of my jacket and sewing it over that certain part of a certain garment. I overcame the difficulty by smearing a

piece of repairing-canvas with solution, sticking the plaster on that certain part, and then sitting down and waiting till it dried. The mend was not pretty, but it served, although at Teheran, in the presence of European ladies, it was always necessary to retire from their presence backwards.

There was only one really stirring adventure during that bicycle-ride through Persia. One night, just as dusk was falling, we were trundling our machines up a mountain-path, when we met a big black bear coming down. Were I an ordinary traveller, I would be able to tell you how magnificently I behaved on that occasion. I will just say, however, that I was in the bluest of blue funks. The brute made circles round us, grunted, and showed his teeth. But my companion and myself were lean chaps, not worth the picking, and so, with disgust, the bear turned round and ran off up the mountain. We went on, and were lamenting the bear hadn't shown fight, when two bears came along the path. We yelled at them fiercely. They swung tail and scampered. We went on again, and we met another bear. I fancy it was more frightened of us than we of it. It simply "scorched" away, and, for all I know to the contrary, committed suicide by jumping over a precipice. To cut a long story short, we encountered no less than eleven bears that night, enough to satisfy the most ardent adventure-hunter.

NOTE.—I ought to say now that I've an idea there weren't exactly eleven bears. I've said eleven, because one is more likely to be believed than if one said a round dozen. Eleven is a convincing number, and looks well in print. It is possible it was just a stage-procession of two or three bears that kept passing and repassing in the course of an hour. I am quite certain, however, there were two. When I was in America and frequently interviewed, I had the reputation of Britons for bravery to maintain. So I just lied like an ordinary traveller, and described with graphic detail how we fought and killed the eleven.—J. F. F.



"J. F. F." IN A PERSIAN VILLAGE.



IN CENTRAL PERSIA.



SOME ADMIRERS IN TEHERAN.



## TWO AMERICAN PLAYS.

"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING." IN NEW YORK.

**M**R. F. MARION CRAWFORD is so popular and often so powerful a novelist that a play from his pen must, perforce, be regarded with considerable interest by all lovers of Literature and the Drama. No apology, therefore, is needed for the presentation of a realistic scene from Mr. Crawford's play, "In the Palace of the King," dramatised from his own recent romance of the same name, and lately tried in Massachusetts State before being sent along to New York City. The dramatiser, in this connection, is Mr. Lorimer Stoddart, a very talented author who, not long ago, made a highly successful drama for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." This new Crawford-cum-Stoddart play is Spanish in character, and is characteristically crowded with impassioned love-episodes and deep, dark intrigues, not only against the State, but against the virtuous lovers, Don John and Dolores. The chief intriguers against this sometime hapless couple are King Philip II. and the Princess—the former because he is enamoured of the lovely Dolores, the latter

America." The play was originally tried in the States about a year ago, but, inasmuch as it has been recently re-written, it is probable that *Sketch* readers would like a pictorial souvenir of this picturesquely mounted piece. And here it is. "The Choir Invisible" has a simple love-story, wherein the male sweetheart, John Gray, is *pro tem.* jilted by the female sweetheart, Amy Falconer. This not being a "problem" play, of course all comes right in the end, but not before many a more or less unpleasant experience has been suffered by the falsely accused and sometime jilted hero. It is the villain, O'Bannon by name, who has perhaps the most unpleasant experience of all—certainly the worst in a physical sense, for, owing to his persistent persecution of Heroine Amy, he is soundly thrashed by Hero John. "The Choir Invisible" was first tried last year, and *The Sketch* illustration is connected with a recently produced revised version. Since the photograph arrived, however, it appears that yet more revision is imminent for this play before it starts its next tour.

Although "Herod" is to be withdrawn from Her Majesty's on the 26th inst., so that Mr. Tree may put on "Twelfth Night" on the 31st,



PUSSY BUCKS UP AFTER THE DINNER TO THE CAT'S-MEAT MEN.

because she would fain secure Don John for herself or have him slain in the attempt.

The principal dramatic point of the play shows the bold, bad Philip murderously stabbing a good, kind Cardinal who has befriended the lovers. In due course, Philip and Co. fasten this sacrilegious deed upon Don John, and he is anon condemned to death, his condemner being Philip himself. Eventually, however, Dolores becomes possessed of the King's guilty secret, and threatens to denounce him and all concerned; and thus, after a while, the lover, Don John, is released and is united to the brave and beautiful Dolores. This heroine is enacted by the popular Miss Viola Allen, who was the original Glory Quayle in "The Christian," in America, and the persecuted hero is successfully played by Mr. R. T. Haines. We may soon see "In the Palace of the King" in London.

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE." ON TOUR IN THE STATES.

When the late great novelist, "George Eliot," uttered, in one of her frequent poetic moods, "So may I join the Choir Invisible," it is more than probable that she had no idea that part of this pious and musical wish would come to be used as the title of a play. Yet such a thing anon came to pass, and it is, perhaps, not altogether surprising that it came to pass in America, where the playwrights are nothing if not audacious. The play was adapted from a novel of the same name, also "made in

yet it will bob up elsewhere, especially in America. There, in fact, will be seen in the States several "Herod" plays just written by native authors, in addition to Mr. Phillips's, which is to be presented by Mr. Richard Mansfield, who will enact the name-part.

Undoubtedly one of the very brightest of the present pantomimes is Mr. Purcell's "Puss in Boots," at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington. Both youngsters and grown-ups scream with delight at it.

Mr. Benson will have a couple of months' start of Sir Henry Irving with "Coriolanus," which he will present at the Comedy Theatre on Feb. 13.

Feb. 13 is, by the way, the date now chosen by Mr. Lowenfeld for opening his new Apollo Theatre, next-door to the Lyric. For his "inaugural" play he has again reverted to "The Belle of Bohemia." The American company engaged to play this are now in London.

Would you like to see musical Mr. De Wolf Hopper play clever Mr. Hare's character, the Gay Lord Quex? You may do so soon, for the first-named comedian is now enacting that part in New York in a travesty of Mr. Pinero's play, and there is talk of touring therewith.



A POPULAR NEW YORK PLAY: "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

*The mysterious lover, Don John of Austria (Mr. Robert T. Haines), and the intrepid, lovely Doña Maria Dolores de Mendoza (Miss Viola Allen), at last are able to confess their mutual love.*



[Photographs by Byron, New York.]

A POPULAR AMERICAN PLAY ON TOUR IN THE STATES: "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE," ACT III.

*The fickle heroine, Amy Falconer, and her faithful sweetheart, John Gray, in the enemy's camp.*



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE WRONG MR. WATSON.

BY MRS. STEPHEN BATSON.



THE whole thing happened through the mistake of an overworked railway-porter. It was the Christmas season, and the Great Southern Railway Station was crammed with holiday-makers, all bent on their various plans for recreation and enjoyment. Already it was nearly dusk, and things were becoming more and more lively as the porters rushed to and fro, and the passengers impatiently hustled each other in determination to secure the corner-seats and the foot-warmers, for the day was a cold one. An absent-minded little gentleman with a portmanteau, followed by a porter who carried a huge package of canvases, betrayed himself a painter in his solicitude for the latter impedimenta.

"Put them in a safe corner of the guard's van. Where's the square box? No, not the portmanteau—the colour-box. Hang it all! I've left it on the truck. Go back and fetch it, porter, and I'll give you a shilling. Hurry up—there goes the whistle!"

"Jump in here, sir, and I'll try it."

The porter ran back to the entrance, and the little man squeezed himself into an overfull carriage, while the guard banged several doors and cleared the onlookers free of the long train. The whistle sounded again, and the engine gave a preparatory snort. The train was under way, and the painter roused the latent enmity of every person in his carriage by standing up and appropriating the whole of the window on the platform side.

"Here you are!" he shouted, as the porter rushed up in search of him. "Here—come on quick; that's right! I've got it, thank goodness! What do you say?"

He drew in his head suddenly, for the train had passed out of the station. He sat down on four inches of one of the seats, grudgingly yielded to him, and smiled foolishly at his fellow-passengers, who scowled in return. The man in the corner nearly opposite looked somewhat less indignant than the others, and to him the artist ventured an explanatory remark.

"I might just as well have stayed at home as have gone without that box," he said feebly. "I couldn't catch what the porter shouted. Did you happen to hear it, sir?"

"I thought I heard something about a shilling," said the least morose man, looking bored.

"Dear me, how painful! I promised him a shilling. Never mind; I can send it back by the guard from Hirstwell."

"From Hirstwell, did you say?" asked another of his fellow-passengers with a malicious glare.

Ah, yes! From Hirstwell, where I get out."

"This part of the train doesn't stop at Hirstwell," remarked the other triumphantly. "You're not in the slip-carriage; this part of the train runs through to Farborough without stopping."

He buried himself in the evening paper with obvious enjoyment of the situation, while the little artist sank back in despair on the shoulders of his two nearest neighbours, regardless of their indignation.

In the slip-carriage of the train, a young man of pleasing appearance, tall and handsome, prepared to alight at the junction station. When the carriage halted at the platform, he sought the most comfortable of the cabs in waiting, and entered it.

"Tell the man Moorfield House," he said to the porter who carried his luggage.

"The driver says do you mean Moorfield Lodge, sir? He don't know any Moorfield House."

"Oh, Lodge, is it? Ah, yes, of course! Tell him to get on. Here you are. Good-night!"

He drew up the window, and, being a healthy young man with a great capacity for sleep, he knew no more until the cab stopped in front of a brilliantly lighted house, and the front-door was opened to admit him. It was a country house, and all around the sparkle of frost was on grass and trees, illumined by a crescent moon and the light from the windows. The young man followed the butler across the hall to the drawing-room.

"Mr. Watson!" said the butler, and Mr. Watson entered the room.

A stately woman, who succeeded in combining pleasantness with dignity, came forward to meet him. His eyes wandered from her to the two younger ladies who stood near the fire.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "Jack Ellison's sisters are even prettier than he said they were."

"Lulu," whispered one of the girls to the other, "I always *knew* artists were maddeningly handsome, though I never met one before. I shall love him to paint me."

"My daughter," said his hostess; "our friend, Miss Knight," indicating the girl called Lulu.

"I have heard so much about you all," said Mr. Watson in a friendly

tone. "I dare say you can guess from whom! I seem to know you quite well already. How is Jack?"

The face of his hostess immediately clouded over, and her daughter appeared to be at the point of tears.

"Don't talk of him," said the latter, very sadly. "It is such a painful subject to us—so unexpected, too! We can hardly bear even to think of him."

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Watson, in real distress. "I hope it is nothing really bad. I ought not to have come."

"How could you be expected to know of it?" said Miss Knight gloomily. "It was only yesterday that it happened."

"Not—not an accident? Not—I hope not—"

"Not dead? Oh no, not dead!" said the other girl miserably. "One could almost wish that he were, instead of this terrible, terrible anxiety."

"Calm yourself, my darling. Mr. Watson will excuse us, I am sure, if we say no more just now on a very painful subject. We will try to make his visit as pleasant as possible in the circumstances. It was so kind of you, Mr. Watson, not to mind coming at Christmas-time."

"Why, that was the very time to come—weather permitting!" cried the young man.

"Giving up your Christmas week to us—it was very good of you. The truth is, my daughter insisted on my asking you; she is going away so soon, and nothing else would content her. She adores everything she has seen of yours—don't you, Effie?"

"Did you see me in that steeplechase at Mellicombe?" asked Mr. Watson, turning radiantly to Effie.

"No, I never heard of it. I have only seen your portraits and a few other things, but I thought them so very beautiful!"

Mr. Watson actually blushed.

"But the papers make such a hash when they do portraits!" he said deprecatingly. "The *Sporting and Dramatic* was the best. Did you see it?"

"We never see the *Sporting and Dramatic*," answered her mother (who missed much by not seeing that entertaining paper). "But about to-morrow, Mr. Watson; I wonder what time you would like to begin? I must arrange everything for your comfort. Should you like my daughter to be the whole morning with you, or only an hour or two?"

"Oh, the whole morning, certainly; or all day, if it can be managed!" said Mr. Watson with decision. "Nothing I should like better."

"She is dreadfully afraid that you won't like your subject. She is quite shy of you; I hope it will wear off by to-morrow."

Mr. Watson's face had clouded with a little uncertainty, as though he had not caught his hostess's meaning, but at her last words it cleared again.

"If we have the whole day together, I think, decidedly, it will wear off," he said cheerfully.

"It isn't often that we have such a celebrity staying with us, you know," said Effie, with a pretty, shy glance.

"Not at all!" cried Mr. Watson, with some shyness of his own; "only in my particular line, you know."

"But what a line!" exclaimed Miss Knight. "There is no greater profession in the world—none more inspiring, none more truly elevating."

"I am glad to hear you say that!" cried Mr. Watson, glowing with pleasure. "You've no idea how much abuse I get. People say all sorts of horrid things, and it's delightful to know you don't agree with 'em."

"They must be very narrow-minded people," said Effie with decision. "There's nothing in the world I have so longed to be all my life."

"But you couldn't, you know—"

"Of course, I know I couldn't!"

"You aren't fitted for it; not the—er—not the right build, you know. Ladies go in for all sorts of things nowadays, but I never heard of any of them at the top of *that* tree. Lord! how funny it would be, if you come to think of it!" He laughed heartily. "But you couldn't, you know," he said again; "and if you could, you wouldn't, you know."

"Indeed I would! It's what I have longed for all my life."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it!" said Mr. Watson to himself, as he thought with sadness how greatly he had been mistaken in his first high estimate of Jack's sister. Jack himself had been rather of the rapid order at Oxford, but it was painful that this pretty Effie should share his propensities. In these cases, what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. In fact, as it has been justly observed, there is no gander-sauce.

He longed to know more about Jack's present condition. Had the misguided fellow married the housemaid? He was known at St. Benedict's to be capable of any folly.

"It's in the family," said the young man sadly to himself. "I must find out about poor old Jack. If I could only get Miss Knight to myself for a moment! Ah! Mrs. Ellison is going to write a note, and her daughter has something to say about it. Now for it!" "I am so sorry, Miss Knight, to hear that some dreadful thing has happened to poor Jack."

"It is very kind of you to take an interest in him," said Miss Knight.

"How couldn't I take an interest in him? We have been everything to each other."

"What! You and Jack?" said the girl. "Surely not!"

"Why not? We were, I assure you, for years. Of course, it may



A DUTCH STUDY.

*"He was more than over shoes in Love."*—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Act i., Scene 1.



seem absurd for me to say so, but, you know, I couldn't follow his lead *always*. He was a little too fast even for me. But he was a capital good fellow, and I've always had the highest opinion of him—in sporting matters, I mean."

"There never," said Miss Knight sadly, "was *anybody* so good as Jack at rats."

"Never!" cried Mr. Watson, with emphasis. "I can agree with you there, at any rate."

"And to think that perhaps we may never see him again!"

"Oh, never's a long day! It will all come right in the end, I feel sure. Do tell me, Miss Knight," in a low voice, "was it the pretty housemaid?"

"No," replied Miss Knight in the same key; "the kitchen-maid."

"That's rather worse, isn't it?"

"She will be dismissed, of course."

"But I suppose she has dismissed herself already, if that's the case—taken French leave, you know?"

"Oh no! She said she couldn't help it. She is as bold about it as possible. She says she tried to get rid of him till she was tired—it was when she went to Hirstwell, you know. We have never seen the dear fellow since."

"Then he *did* marry her? I always thought he would."

"Who?"

"Why, Jack."

"Jack? What do you mean?"

"Hasn't he married the pretty kitchen-maid?"

"How could he, Mr. Watson? I think you must be dreaming! I am talking of Jack."

"And so am I."

"But Jack is—Mrs. Temple!—EFFIE!"

"Well, dearest?"

"I hear him outside the window! Oh, the darling, the clever darling—he has found his way back! Come and open the front-door—quick!"

"Quick!" echoed Effie, and everyone rushed into the hall. Miss Knight tugged at the front-door, which Mr. Watson managed to open in spite of the dizzy feeling which possessed him that there was something incomprehensible somewhere; and in darted a small fox-terrier covered with flakes of the snow which was falling thickly outside.

"I think there is some misunderstanding," said Mr. Watson, rather faintly, when the dog had been welcomed and caressed for the twentieth time by the ladies. "I fear I have not the pleasure of addressing my friend Jack Ellison's mother, who—er—has been expecting me."

"Oh! Are you going to paint Mrs. Ellison, too?" cried Effie. "She is such a pretty old lady!"

"I do not—er—paint people. I—er—am going to ride a horse of my friend Ellison's at the Filcombe steeplechase next week. I—er—perhaps I had better say good-night, Mrs. Ellis—Temple."

"It is snowing very hard," said Mrs. Temple hesitatingly.

"And Ja—the Ellisons are great friends of ours," said Effie, with a vivid blush.

"And the dressing-gong is just going to sound," said Miss Knight.

"So won't you stay and dine with us?" concluded Mrs. Temple; "and we will send you on in the brougham after dinner."

And he stayed.

## MAGAZINE CHAT FOR JANUARY.

**A** BLAZING FIRE, a comfortable arm-chair, a fragrant cigarette, a contented mind, and a pile of magazines two feet high. What more can mortal man desire, unless haply it be immortality, that, month by month, as all the months come round, he may still find himself sitting by his fireside with an increasing pile of magazines, the enjoyment of which is no whit disturbed even by the contemplation of the fact that at the end of the reading there is writing about them to be done?

Sitting at home, one may literally survey the world from China to Peru—especially China—study man, "the highest study of mankind," at his best, and learn matters in their most attractive dress.

"By Janus!" as honest Iago swore one memorable night in Venice, every magazine-reader will congratulate Mr. James Knowles on the clever way in which he has extricated himself from the difficulty of making

### THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY"

seem a laggard in its title, for it is always well abreast of the thought of the hour, though the question might well be worth asking whether, in the light of the last twelve months, Lord Roberts would write his article on Army Reform on the same lines as he did that of 1884, which is reprinted in the current number. That is, however, a question which the Commander-in-Chief will answer by his acts, and it is worth noting, in passing, how the Conquering Hero dominates the pages of so many of the publications—now in picture, now in poem, now in prose, but always dominant.

More than ordinarily full of good things is

### THE "CORNHILL."

in which, apropos of the celebration of its fortieth birthday, Mr. George M. Smith tells the story of the birth of that pioneer magazine, which

started the fashion, since largely followed, of naming monthly periodicals after famous streets or districts of the city that gave them birth. Those happy mortals to whom

### THACKERAY IS AN IDOL

may read here how Mr. Smith went to him one day with a paper on which three little sentences were written suggesting the terms on which the novelist should write a story for the new venture. "Three hundred and fifty pounds a-month, and will you consider it or put it into the waste-paper basket?" asked Mr. Smith. "An offer like this is assuredly not for the waste-paper basket," replied Thackeray, to whom a little while after, as the result of an inspiration, the editorship was offered, at £1000 a-year. Would there were more George M. Smiths in the world to write as charmingly, or that some publisher would seek out me, in spite of the fact that I cannot write "me" in capital letters, and offer me such golden visions—one thousand pounds a-year for making other people write and for the pleasure of saying "No" when they have written! Once again, what more can mortal man desire, unless it be that he had the pen of Tennyson, to whom Mr. Smith offered five thousand guineas for a book as long as the "Idylls"—five thousand guineas for 4750 lines, more than a guinea a line; or like that of "George Eliot," to whom

### HE PAID SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS FOR "ROMOLA"?

Full of good stories, however, is the *Cornhill*, in which Mr. Stanley Weyman begins his new serial, "Count Hannibal," in characteristic style.

A new serial also commences in *Cassell's Magazine*, in which

### RUDYARD KIPLING,

returning to his earlier manner, begins the story of "Kim," which has the interesting advantage of being illustrated by his own father in an entirely new style, for several of the pictures have been modelled in clay and then photographed.

### MR. HALL CAINÉ

starts in the *Lady's Magazine* "The Eternal City," lending the distinction of his name to the newest of the publications from the house of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, whose two other magazines, *Pearson's* and the *Royal*, maintain their own standard of efficiency by being full of good things.

### IN THE "PAUL MALL"

the Duchess of Newcastle writes of Clumber, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., of the British officer, and Mr. Max Beerbohm, revealing himself in the spirit of caricature, echoes the question which many who have seen some of his later works have been asking, "whether his creative power in caricature can be quite so strong as he has supposed."

As for the other illustrated monthlies of the popular character, the *Strand*, the *Windsor*, the *Lady's Realm*, the *Woman at Home*, &c., they are as full of characteristic articles and beautiful pictures as ever,

### THE "STRAND,"

perhaps, leading the way, and outdoing itself by the illustrations to the Interview with Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., for they are the most "taking" pictures which have probably been seen in its pages.

### THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED"

leads off with one of Mr. Grogan's exceedingly bright stories, "Mes Affaires de Cœur," and among the most readable things gathered between its covers are a charming "Memory" by Mr. B. Paul Neuman, called "True Jew," which every reader will hope he will elaborate into a story, that they may become better acquainted with little Charlie Levis. Noticeable also are the "Story of the Duel," and articles on the King of Spain and "Some Remarkable Clocks."

While critics write and actors rage about the stage, the drama is evidently taking care of itself, seeing how much space is being devoted to it in the best periodicals. Mr. Archer takes a curiously optimistic view of certain modern productions in the *Paul Mall*.

### MADAME RISTORI

writes on "My Art," in *Macmillan's*, while Mr. Stephen Phillips, who furnishes an Ode to the Nineteenth Century, runs the danger of having his brain turned by the way his "Herod" is bepraised on all sides.

But of all the stories in all the magazines, commend me to that in

### "TEMPLE BAR,"

in which Mr. Crockett, leaving the Killyard, begins "The Firebrand," and Agnes and Egerton Castle their "Secret Orchard." I refer to

### "THE APOTHEOSIS OF ANNE."

Brilliant in imagination, exquisite in fancy, perfect in workmanship, written in beautiful English, it falls like a benediction on the brain of the reader. It is unsigned, but it bears the mark that, before the Century is many years older, the writer will be a recognised force, if, indeed, this anonymity is not the playful vagary of one who has "done something" already and is merely playing a literary game of hide-and-seek. If this is so, one of us has found it out.

"Willing's Press Guide for 1901" is the handiest of newspaper-guides for advertisers, and the easiest for reference. The alphabetical lists of the newspapers published in the United Kingdom and the Colonies are, indeed, so comprehensive as to justify Mr. James Willing junior in claiming it as a complete Advertisers' Directory.



MISS F. E. NORRIS (BRIDE).

MR JOSEPH WIDGER (BRIDEGROOM)

MISS C. WELLSBY (BRIDESMAID).

#### APROPOS OF A NOTABLE SPORTING WEDDING, MR. AND MRS. WIDGER'S.

*A marriage of great interest to sporting circles has just been celebrated, namely, that of Mr. Joseph Widger—which name is familiar as having been that of the owner of Wild Man from Borneo, who won the Grand National in 1895—to Miss Florence Eleanor Norris, the pretty and clever young lady to whom was lately left a legacy by her uncle, the late Mr. T. B. Irving, to be devoted to the express purpose of attempting to carry off the Grand National. It is, therefore, as Mrs. Joseph Widger, and not as Miss Norris, that we must wish her good luck with Sunny Shower. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon at Bournemouth, and not, as might have been expected, in the vicinity of one of our great sporting centres. This photograph is by A. H. Poole, Waterford.*



## ARMY REORGANISATION

## LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

## SIXTH ARTICLE.

HAVING discussed the separate branches of our Army, with instances intended to illustrate their method of working, the faults of that method, and possible improvements, I may be allowed to consider the

## ORGANISATION OF OUR LAND FORCES AS A WHOLE.

The comparative failure of that handsomely paid body called the War Office in the South African campaign points to a more decided decentralisation of the administrative branch of the Army, leaving to the Pall Mall magnates the duties of a General Staff, similar to those of the

## "GROSSE GENERALSTAB" OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Mobilisation schemes for any emergency, strategical plans (necessarily in co-operation with the Navy) for campaigns in any country under every possible condition, against any probable foreign coalition, would be the chief duties of this body. A Military Cabinet, with the necessary staff for the routine work, to deal with promotions, appointments, and administrative matters concerning the whole of our land forces, would also form part of this institution.

The attempt to organise the Army for tactical purposes into Army Corps has broken down, owing to the fact that different units, regiments, battalions, and batteries, have constantly to relieve each other on foreign service. It would therefore appear advisable to make the Brigade the largest tactical unit, with increased administrative power in the hands of the Brigadier and his Staff, the Brigade Staff itself composed of officers specially trained for such duties and appointed by the War Office.

## YEARLY MANŒUVRES

would give Brigadiers an opportunity of learning to work with larger bodies of troops. Several Brigades should, for this purpose, be formed into Divisions of all arms, with a view to afford Brigadiers an opportunity of working in conjunction, and to enable commanders to handle mixed bodies of troops.

## MILITIA AND VOLUNTEERS.

as second and third line, should have as sole object the defence of the country, and, in the case of the Militia, the defence of the Mediterranean possessions. Both should consist of infantry, cavalry, and garrison artillery, and should be divided into Brigades, under their own Brigadiers. This War has shown that we have excellent material to work with, but it has also shown that this material has in some particulars not been trained to so high a state of efficiency as the nation had reason to expect. Much has been said on the subject of the training of officers, and many suggestions have been made on the subject. One thing is certain, namely, that many officers do not take their profession sufficiently seriously. Whatever the causes may be, the fact remains, and the public has a right to expect

## A HIGHER STATE OF EFFICIENCY IN A COSTLY ARMY

than has been shown during this campaign. Personally, I am in favour of every would-be officer serving a term of three years in the ranks. Certain privileges might be granted to youngsters who are sufficiently keen about the profession of arms to undergo that period of probation, such as permission to live out of barracks and a Mess of their own.

## A YEAR'S COURSE AT SANDHURST OR WOOLWICH

would then complete the cadet's training and qualify him to take his place in the regiment as a commissioned officer at once, instead of going through a weary course of recruit-drill under a drill-sergeant amongst other recruits. A similar system prevails in the German and Russian Armies, and is attended with excellent results. Apart from the

## MAGNIFICENT STRATEGICAL CONDUCT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

as conceived and carried out by the present Commander-in-Chief, we have worried through this War in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. Individually, there has been much to make the nation proud of its soldiers.

## PERSONAL BRAVERY, DEVOTION, AND ENDURANCE

have characterised the *personnel* of the Army to a degree unprecedented even in the glorious records of that Army in the many wars that built up our world-wide Empire. But there were many regrettable incidents which pointed to a want of forethought and to disregard or ignorance of the most elementary principles of warfare.

We have had our lesson, and are even now not out of the wood. Our neighbours on the Continent have been most assiduous in their gloomy prophecies, first rejoicing at the reverses that encountered our arms in the initial stages of the campaign, then declaring that, after all, we shall relapse into somnolence and let the lesson pass unheeded.

Is that to be so? Will the nation, after the enormous sacrifices it has made, allow the old order of things to remain? No!

## WE HAVE SEEN OUR FAULTS,

and shall go about to rectify them in the sober spirit of a great people whose flag is a symbol of justice and freedom, whose Empire and responsibilities are greater than ever the world has seen before; and ever will be "if England to herself remain but true."

## SOME SPORTSMEN.

## III.—NAN.

IT may be argued that Nan is excluded from my list by reason of her sex: The argument is not valid, for she has always been more boy than girl in the open air, in spite of her undoubted gifts as hostess and entertainer. Her mother died when she was six years old, and left Nan to roam through the country in company with three brothers. They taught her to play cricket, to fish, to shoot, to excel at tennis and billiards, to ride, and, above all, to endure. When I made her acquaintance, some years ago, I thought I could play tennis: she undeceived me. I thought I could fish and that I knew something about the higher reaches of the Thames: it was all my mistake.

Rumour stated that Nan had ridden to hounds in her twin-brother's riding-gear. I have never been able to verify this, but I know that she had several trophies of the chase in the room she called her den. We all know that many hunting-women are quite spoiled by their favourite pastime; they acquire a curious look that, for lack of a more expressive word, may be called "horsey"; they have a tendency to develop loud voices, to adopt slang terms, to lose no small part of the natural charm that belongs to their sex. Nan never fell away in these directions, and though she was a hard rider, was not popular with the men or women outside her own set. Her likes and dislikes were quite unconcealed, and the hard-talking, deep-drinking crowd feared her sarcasm more than the stiffest jump in Landshire.

In mid-October the partridge-driving commenced at the Hall, and there were pleasant fortnightly parties until the sport was exhausted. Sometimes, if the wind helped, the cover was fairly good, and the birds were not too wild, we would walk up the birds, seven guns going in line across the broad fields, and I was always impressed by Nan's staying powers, her accurate shooting, her capacity for choosing the cleanest paths, and her instinctive knowledge of woodcraft. She shot with a twenty-bore hammerless gun, her only concession to feminine weakness taking the form of a recoil-pad, and she combined a very accurate eye with a steady hand. When I found myself walking in line with her for the first time, my curiosity led me to neglect many of my own chances. I noticed several times that she covered birds and did not fire. Soon I remarked that nearly everything she hit dropped dead, and that explained the occasional hesitation. She fired to kill, and not to wound; the man who took long shots without a good chance of a kill was her *bête noire*. She would not leave a field where any birds were lying unretrieved, nor a hedge to which a rabbit had gone wounded. If any man did an unsportsmanlike thing, he was "left to Nan," and the offence was not repeated.

In the evening, when she presided at her father's table, the most inveterate pullers of the long-bow refrained from travellers' tales. Sporting liars—their name is legion, and they are often the best of company—would begin tall stories and give them commonplace and unexpected endings, to the great surprise of some of us who had heard the tales before; and yet, when dinner was over and Nan had retired with her companion, an elderly lady who was always voted one of the best, we never stayed long with the nuts and wine, and the drawing-room was as popular as the billiard-room. For Nan could play the piano admirably; cricket-bats, guns, reins, racquets, and billiard-cues had not availed to spoil her touch; she was as much at her ease with Chopin's Mazurkas as with driven partridges. I could not help feeling that the gatherings at the Hall were second to none in which I ever participated. The worst aspects of the shooting-party were always absent—men restrained their jealousy in the field and their tongues in the house; gambling was no part of the evening's entertainment, hard drinking was not practised. It may be needless to say that Nan's rule was not universally popular. Some men resented her hard-and-fast laws; they grumbled at the small restraints in vogue, because they lacked the wit to see how necessary they were to a household directed by a young, motherless girl. Then, again, she had few women friends; the average "sportswoman" was not particular enough for her, and she was not sufficiently particular for the ladies who believe that open-air sports, even under the protection of three brothers, are "unladylike." Happily, her endless occupation kept Nan from bothering about matters that would have troubled a less active mind. Hostess, housekeeper, and "sportsman," she filled the three rôles admirably, and found time to give some attention to parochial matters and the various local charities.

Like so many good things, Nan belongs to the past. A young Colonial, first-rate sportsman, and the master of many broad acres in the New World, came to the Hall, and, after half-a-dozen visits, carried off the prize. A year before he arrived, the father of the family had died. Since then, two of the brothers have married; the third died in the disastrous week of Colenso, as I am sure he would have wished to die, playing a brave man's part. The Hall has been let for a term of years to strangers. Doubtless Nan rules in her new home as well and wisely as she did in Landshire. I expect she has as much sport and as many friends. But sporting Landshire is the poorer for her loss. B.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE COMEDY.

**M**R. BENSON is disposing of the charge that he is moved by family rather than artistic considerations in casting his plays, for he has engaged Miss Eleanor Calhoun for the part of Portia, already played outside London with great success by Mrs. Benson. It is needless to say that the skill of Miss Calhoun and her admirable

eloquence enabled her to give great pleasure to the audience in the fascinating character. Whether Portia's triumph really shows the aptitude of women for the Bar it is hard to say, for the point she takes is not very subtle, nor one that the Court would have been likely to sustain. The fact that Shakspeare did not make her take the point that such a bargain as the bond was void as against public policy, in that it involved a felony—*felo de se*—goes far to upset the theory of Bacon's authorship. The chief interest in the performance, of course, lay with Mr. Benson, the Shylock, whose picturesque performance, if a little marred at times by excessive violence, was of real value. Obedient to comparatively modern tradition, he played the Jew's part seriously and passionately, and tried to win the sympathies of the audience, with no little success, for the robbed and cheated alien who was bullied into agreeing



MISS MABEL HACKNEY

AS NERISSA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner

to become a Christian. The chief note of his acting is the Oriental, and this, indeed, is very cleverly carried throughout. By-the-by, Mr. Benson, as the result of darkening his face, makes his teeth appear too fresh and young for a man of the Jew's age. The Nerissa of Miss Mabel Hackney and the Jessica of Miss Lilian Braithwaite were pretty performances. Mr. Lyell Swete shines less as Gratiano than in more strongly marked character-studies. Mr. Oscar Asche, lately most successful in comic work, won a hearty round of applause by his dignified acting in the character of the Prince of Morocco. The Launcelot Gobbo of Mr. Weir shows this rich comedian at his best, and caused great laughter. The Antonio of Mr. Brydone and Bassanio of Mr. Frank Rodney were excellent, though the latter was not quite at his highest level. As usual, the mounting is handsome and effective without erring on the side of extravagance.

## LAST NIGHTS OF "HEROD."

Mr. Stephen Phillips's deeply interesting if somewhat unequal play, "Herod," will finish its present run at Her Majesty's next Saturday, the 26th inst. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will then close the theatre for final rehearsals of "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will," which he will present with himself as Malvolio and with a splendid "support" on the last night in January.

## GREAT SUCCESS OF "HENRY V.," AT THE LYCEUM.

So powerfully is Shakspeare's fine historic play enacted, and so beautifully is it costumed and mounted, at the Lyceum that the success of "Henry V." is richly merited. A handsome souvenir is to be given away at the fiftieth performance. MM. Lewis Waller and Mollison have already been portrayed as the King and as "Mine Ancient Pistol" in *The Sketch*. So popular has this magnificent revival of "Henry V." become that MM. Waller and Mollison have determined to give, in addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées, a special Thursday matinée on the 31st inst. But, owing to the great strain of playing the arduous part of the patriotic King of England so many times a week, Mr. Waller fears that it will be impossible to give any subsequent Thursday matinées.

## ROYAL OPERA IMPROVEMENTS.

The new stage at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, will be one of the finest in Europe when completed. It will necessitate the painting of much new scenery. The changes of scene when the novel machinery is

employed will, in some instances, be instantaneous—for example, in Wagner's "Tannhäuser," when the hero suddenly sees the Venusberg vanish, and, in the twinkling of an eye, finds himself in his native land, with a shepherd-boy piping a melody familiar to him in youth. Wagner could never get this change made quickly enough; but recently, at Wiesbaden, it was accomplished with marvellous rapidity. The Wiesbaden mechanical effects are being adopted at the Royal Opera. For the sake of artists and public alike, I hope the Covent Garden Management will take steps to stop the killing draughts which have swept across the stage to the stalls.

M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER,

the new Covent Garden Director, is no stranger in this country. In fact, he resided in London for some time in 1894, when his comic opera, "Mirette," was successfully produced at the Savoy Theatre. It is probable that we shall have at the Royal Opera one or two examples of the modern French operatic school as the outcome of M. Messenger's engagement. It would be a welcome contrast to lighten the heaviness of the extreme German school with an occasional specimen of piquant Parisian operas. At one time the works of Auber were popular at Covent Garden, but they have not been heard there for many a year. "Masaniello," for example, would bear reviving.

## THE EXPERIMENT OF SIGNORE MASCAGNI.

in producing his latest opera, "Le Maschere," at Rome, Turin, Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Naples on the same evening, is being much discussed in Italy, where such a plan has never been adopted before. Signore Mascagni's idea that the modern school of Italian opera is too sensational is, of course, arousing opposition; but he is right, for the libretto of "A Basso Porto," by Spinelli, is so coarsely melodramatic that it resembles an over-the-water drama of bygone days set to music. Signore Puccini's "La Tosca" is equally fierce and harrowing. "Le Maschere," which is a bright love-story developed with ingenuity, was very favourably received in Rome on the 17th inst., Mascagni's melodious music taking the audience captive.

## THE FIRST LONDON BALLAD CONCERT

of the New Year attracted an enormous audience to Queen's Hall. A whimsical idea for a musical subject was the comic glee called "Quibble's Cocoa," by Mr. F. J. Harper. It was a laughable caricature of modern methods of advertising, the Westminster Glee Singers giving it with great drollery. It was greeted with enthusiastic applause and hearty laughter, and will, no doubt, be heard at many popular concerts in future. Miss Clara Butt (Mrs. Kennerley Rumford) sang beautifully



MR. F. R. BENSON AS SHYLOCK.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

in the famous air from "Samson et Dalila." Miss Allitsen's setting of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs" also proved very successful. Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Plunket Greene, and other popular vocalists were received with great favour, instrumental solos by Miss Peppercorn and Mr. Squire also securing hearty approval.



## MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL'S POPULAR CONCERTS.

It was feared some time back that the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, after a brilliant career of over forty years, must be discontinued owing to lack of support, but the new arrangements made by Mr. Arthur Chappell are giving so much satisfaction that the Popular Concerts appear likely to regain their old popularity. The engagement

of the celebrated Belgian violinist, M. Ysaye, is warmly appreciated. He has brought his quartet party—excellent players, who have been accustomed to perform together for years. A novelty by the delightful French composer, M. Saint-Saëns, charmed every auditor. M. Ysaye also played a solo with such fine tone and perfect execution as to justify the opinion of his friends that he is the first of living violinists.

## M. JEAN DE RESZKE'S

numerous admirers will be glad to hear that his voice, which gave him so much trouble last year, and his friends so much disappointment, has lately recovered its old quality and volume, so that in "Lohengrin," at New York, he sang with greater effect than ever. The American papers break into such enthusiastic descriptions of M. Jean de Reszke's appearance that I forbear to quote



TOM WEBB,

CHAMPION LASSO-THROWER AND ROUGHRIDER OF THE WORLD.

Photo by Hans Utecht, Berlin, N.W.T.

passages which go beyond anything I can remember in the way of eulogy. Last year, at Covent Garden, the Management several times felt in despair owing to the popular tenor's frequent disappointments, and when he did sing, it was but a faint echo of the old rich tones. It will be remembered that Signor Mario nearly lost his voice for two years, and afterwards sang as well as ever. The tenor who was least affected by atmosphere or hard work was Signor Tamberlik, who scarcely ever had an apology made for him, his physical powers were so remarkable.

## "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT."

We may expect this spring a revival of the charming comic opera, "La Fille de Madame Angot," which, after its production at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington—now the Grand—had such extraordinary popularity. I hope shortly to be able to announce further particulars. Few lovers of music can have forgotten the spirited and tuneful ditties of this captivating comic opera, or its amusing story and droll characters.

## COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO HENRY BEAUCHAMP.

Musical fare of a particularly delectable nature is promised at St. Martin's Town Hall next Friday evening, when a complimentary concert is to be given to that sparkling dramatic writer, Mr. Henry Beauchamp, and, it is safe to say, to an audience hundreds strong. For rarely in one night has the public the opportunity of sampling such diversified talent as will be forthcoming on this occasion. To songs by such excellent and popular vocalists as Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and Miss Marguerite Cornille, Mr. "Ballyhooley" Martin and Miss Kate James, Mr. Courtice Pounds and Miss Louie Pounds, Mr. Leo Stormont and Miss Geraldine Ulmar, will be added the humorous recitations of Mr. E. J. Odell and the exquisite playing of Lady Edwardes Moss's Mandoline and Zither Orchestra. MM. R. Caton Woodville, R.I., and T. S. C. Crowther have designed the programme for the Beauchamp concert, which I trust will be a success, as the beneficiary has but lately recovered from a serious operation.

## MISS ELLIOTT-PAGE IN "THE WARDROBE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

"The Wardrobe," written by Miss Florence Smith, belongs to that smart class of sketch with which handsome Miss Elliott-Page has previously made us acquainted in "The Order of the Bath" and "A Notoriety Clause." Messrs. Cecil Morton York and E. Patterson also take part in the performance of "The Wardrobe," but the chief burden of the comedietta rests on the shoulders of Miss Elliott-Page, who looks very imposing in a most becoming dress of gold-sequined tulle over white satin, while a pink jupon flounced with black lace reveals itself at times. Miss Elliott-Page plays with great spirit and much charm. It was all Fido's fault. If Lady Scott's overfed pug hadn't had a fit, her niece, Miss Forrest, would never have had to rush off in her ball-dress to the flat of Captain Tempest, whose knowledge of canine ailments had previously saved Fido's life. Arrived in the flat, Miss Forrest hears the sound of approaching voices, and, fearing to be compromised, bolts into the bedroom and conceals herself in the wardrobe. Then, who should enter the sitting-room but Captain Tempest and the Colonel? The latter has picked up a lady's handkerchief, and, scenting a scandal, insists on searching the rooms; but he does so in vain, and he presently departs. Captain Tempest, in absolute ignorance of Miss Forrest's presence in the wardrobe, retires to rest. At last, Miss Forrest thinks the moment has come when she may escape; but the Captain, not yet

asleep, is aroused, and, in the semi-darkness, catches hold of the lady, whom he suspects of being a man in female attire. Eventually the imbroglio is explained, and the young lady departs his affianced bride, and just in time to avoid the Colonel. Some of the lines are a little broad. Otherwise, it is inoffensive and amusing.

## MRS. BROWN-POTTER AT THE PALACE.

The growing popularity of Variety Theatres in London is evidenced by the readiness of actresses as distinguished as Mrs. Tree and Mrs. Brown-Potter to appear at "the Halls" of dazzling light. The beautiful Palace Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue has been the scene of both ladies' triumphs. It was due to a happy thought on the part of Mr. L. Godfrey Turner (who, as Beau Brummel junior, is regarded as "the glass of Fashion and the mould of form") that Mrs. Brown-Potter was engaged by Mr. Charles Morton to recite in her own fascinating style patriotic verses in the martial company of a group of hale and hearty Balaclava veterans. Needless to add that Mrs. Brown-Potter stirred the audience to enthusiasm by her spirited rendering of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." A photographic souvenir of this exceptionally interesting "turn" is printed on another page.

## LASSO-THROWING EXTRAORDINARY.

Tom Webb, a cowboy from Texas who, when off duty in the arena of the London Hippodrome, wears diamond studs in his cambric shirt-front, and is altogether quite a dandy in his attention to his toilet and his dress, gives an object-lesson in lasso-throwing which is exceedingly interesting as demonstrating his accuracy of aim, whether mounted or on foot, in lassoing a horse either by the nose, the head, the fore-leg, hind-leg, or all the four legs together; while he can pinion and leg-bind a man at a distance of forty feet by a mere twist of his wrist. Buck-jumping feats by his well-trained mustangs make up a very pretty "turn."

## MISS VIOLA ALLEN

is one of the most successful "stars" of the United States, and, like all successful American actors, she is well known in theatrical circles in London, and has made the part of Glory Quayle in "The Christian" peculiarly her own. Previous to taking the stage "on her own," Miss Allen was the leading lady of the Empire Theatre Company in New York controlled by Mr. Charles Frohman. She is at present playing the heroine in the American success, "In the Palace of the King."

## MISS VENIE BELFRY

(whose portrait I give on page 13) is one of the daintiest and most delightful of "serio"-singers and dancers and "principal boys" now before the British public. Miss Belfry was up to a few months ago a favourite "serio" in the "halls," and then, up to the time of her present pantomime engagement, was successfully playing Miss Ada Reeve's part, Lady Helyrood, in the chief touring "Florodora" Company.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN, WHO IS PICTURED ON PAGE 29 IN A SCENE FROM "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

Photo by the Photo Studio, West Fourteenth Street, New York.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Clogging with Mud—Gear-Cases—A Matter of Nerves—Cycle Accidents—A New Fork—The X-Frame.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 23, 5.31; Thursday, 5.32; Friday, 5.33; Saturday, 5.35; Sunday, 5.37; Monday, 5.39; Tuesday, 5.41.

Is there not a tendency at the present day to have machines built too close? This, I confess, never struck me until the other day, when I was out cycling with a couple of friends. The roads were muddy, a kind of thick, gluey paste, and, just as evening was closing in and there was a nip of frost in the air, all three machines showed symptoms of getting clogged. Indeed, twice we had to dismount and clear wedged mud away from one of the bicycles. We all look at our wheels thousands of times, and perhaps it is only on the fifth-thousandth time, and under special circumstances, that we notice something that missed our attention before. And this clogging from mud directed my notice to how closely built machines usually are. Personally, I've got no fault to find, because I like compactness and neatness; but even this compactness leads to difficulty at times, such as mud-clogging. In some machines there is very little free space, especially between the rear-wheel and the gear-case. Riders, therefore, should be careful to have their wheels run absolutely true, and, in muddy weather, it is an excellent plan to smear the parts that are likely to encounter mud with vaseline.

When the weather is at all suitable, I prefer to ride without a gear-case. I love a smooth-running and silent machine, and it is so difficult to secure silence with a gear-case. Of course, when the chain is exposed, there is more wear and accumulation of dust. Still, I am willing to clean my chain more frequently if, in return, I can keep free of the scraping noise. One can travel for months without any such scraping irritation, but suddenly the trouble will commence, and endeavouring to put things straight frequently results in making them worse. The ideal gear-case is yet to be invented. In such weather as we have recently been having, the roads greasy and slushy, a gear-case is indispensable. There are many rubbishy cases on sale, and, therefore, cyclists should keep their eyes open and see not only that the case fits accurately, but can easily be detached should they want to get to the chain. I rather favour cases with a celluloid panelling, so that you can keep an eye on the chain. Only, don't get a case made entirely of celluloid. Such a case rarely keeps true for any length of time. Quite recently there has been offered to the public a gear-case fitted with a patent brush inside. This is ingenious, for, besides keeping the chain clean, it does something to prevent it from rattling. But the brush certainly retards the free running of the chain, and this is all-important. Therefore, despite the blandishments of the dealer, don't purchase this contrivance. Indeed, have nothing that interferes with free running. Have your chain cleaned in the proper way.

Does cycling strengthen or weaken one's nerves? That is a point I heard discussed the other day. On the face of it, one would say that, of course, it strengthens the nerves; but a medical friend of mine argued that, although it could not be doubted that cycling was a tonic and picked a man up, as it were, this was due to him taking exercise in the country, and he would have even more beneficial effects from walking. I argued to the contrary, but, in the end, we came to an agreement. Cycling, for the man who isn't a hardened wheelman, taken at a moderate pace—and not too much of it—is a stimulating "bracer-up." So far, cycling does strengthen the nerves, undoubtedly and most assuredly. But, then, are there not a great many cyclists who can only get away for a day now and then, and habitually ride too fast and too

far for the exercise to do them good? There, I was obliged to admit to my friend the enemy, nerves did suffer. More than once I have been a delinquent in this very particular. Normally, I am the best of sleepers, and can do my eight hours on the pillow without a blush; but too long a ride always makes me nervous and troubles me with insomnia. The last time I did a prolonged spin—one hundred and twenty-seven miles, with only one halt for a meal and a shave—I was in the very best of physical trim, and finished "as fit as a fiddle." I never get tired on a bicycle, although a walk up a hill comes as a pleasant change, and that evening I certainly was not tired. Yet I couldn't sleep, and I know of many other cyclists who have precisely similar experiences. There is no argument to be brought against cycling except the argument that can be brought against everything else in the world, that it is bad to "overdo it."

What havoc a bicycling accident plays with the nerves! I have never been in a railway accident, but I have been in a bad earthquake, with the ground heaving like a sea, and the houses round about tumbling and crashing. That was a horrible experience, and, although it was three and a-half years ago, I never find a house shaking, from a passing train maybe, without the sharp fear coming to me that an earthquake is imminent. It is impossible to shake off the dread. The worst cycling experience I ever had was in the Rockies, when, owing to my chain jumping, the cogs and my brake, alas! being inoperative, I went down the eastern slope at record pace until I was stopped by my head and a rock coming in full contact, and I was knocked quite insensible and half into a jelly. Well, for many weeks after that I never rode down the easiest of gradients, which a girl would take with a smile, without the horrible thought pressing itself upon me that I was on the brink of another accident. I am not a weak-nerved critter, and yet I must say it took months before I regained my old confidence. Most cyclists can tell a similar tale. I know a lady who three years ago had a nasty side-slip on some mud. She has not yet recovered. When she rides over a muddy stretch, it is with fear, and often she will dismount and say, "No; I'm afraid," although really there is nothing to be afraid of. "Nerves," I suppose, is a modern disease, and cyclists are no more free from it than anybody else.

I would just like to give a word of warning against a fork that has recently come before the wheeling world and has been taken up, to some extent, by racing-men.

It is the straight fork, which, although it looks neat, is by no means to be recommended. Everybody knows that the weakest part of a bicycle is the fork, because the tendency is to throw the strain on one particular point, which is thus liable to snap. The reason we have curved forks is to disperse the strain. Personally, I think the fork of the future will be on the cantilever principle. Here you get a triangle, and a triangle is as strong a formation as has yet been conceived. With straight forks, however, though no accident may occur, there are no compensating advantages in the matter of distribution of strain. My advice is to leave them alone.

Quite an agitation is being aroused among the experts respecting the new frame-designs. As I pointed out a few weeks back, there is a great deal to be said in favour of the X-frame. Some folks think it increases the rigidity. I am not one of those. I do, however, think it adds to the strength of the machine. It is a mistake to make the front part of a bicycle too rigid, and, for a long time, strength and rigidity have gone together. This is obviated to some extent by the X-frame. As regards the spring-frames, I cannot arouse any enthusiasm for them. The "Flexible" is the only machine I have come across that decreases the vibration without interfering with the riding. One essential of a good cycle is that there should be no give between the saddle, handle-bar, and crank.

J. F. F.



"SAN TOY" ON TOUR: MISS MAGGIE MAY (DRIVING), MISS MAUDE DURRELL, AND MISS SNODON ON AN ORIENT EXPRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Photo from Hazel's Royal Central Studios, Bournemouth.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Horses to Follow.*

Certain horses the public have been waiting for for some time are due to run in the early spring, and it will be interesting to see how they perform. The animals I refer to are The Raft, Merry Methodist, Little Eva, Downham, General Peace, Caiman, Misunderstood, Gozo, and The Tola. Of the horses mentioned



THE VICEROY'S CUP FOR THE INDIAN  
"DERBY."

Misunderstood may do what she has done before. Gozo and The Tola are Australian horses.

*The Jubilee.*

The Jubilee Handicap will not be run until May 11, but it is said it will be the first race in the London district to be watched by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales this season. There should be a very large field for this race, and the winner may take some finding, although The Raft is a decided favourite in the Continental lists. The Prince of Wales, by-the-by, is very partial to the Kempton Meeting, and no wonder, seeing that the railway-station arrangements are so convenient. The Royal Box, too, at Kempton is one of the best-arranged in the country. If I am not mistaken, Lord Arthur Somerset had a great deal to do with the fitting-up of this stand; that is, in the matter of the selection of the furniture, &c. When Royalty is not present at Kempton, the Royal Stand is thrown open to the use of Club members, which is a very good idea indeed, and one that would at all times commend itself to the Prince of Wales. The Managers of other racecourses should follow this sensible example. Theatrical lessees do not keep the Royal Boxes closed when they are not required for Royalty.

*The Dukeries.*

The Duke of Marlborough has a horse or two in training, but he does not favour racing. The Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Manchester do not race. The Duke of Leeds is personally fond of coursing, and he is also a lover of racing. The Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Montrose are good supporters of the Turf. The present Duke of Hamilton does not own horses, and the Duke of Rutland no longer sees his colours carried. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is the only member of Royalty who owns horses, although it is rumoured that the Duke of Connaught may have some jumpers shortly, and I should not be surprised to see the Duke of York running horses under both rules. The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian take keen delight in racing, and they are both fair judges of the thoroughbred, but they do not own racers. More's the pity, for we could do with a few more owners of the top class to counteract the mine-owning and American influences. However, the English Turf at the present time is a real live concern, despite the falling-off in the owners' list of the names of members of our old nobility.

*Ventilators.*

Clerks of Courses should see to it that all their stands be kept well aired and ventilated the year round, especially the luncheon-rooms, the Press-room, and the office used by the telegraph operators. Rheumatic fever and chronic rheumatism are easily contracted either by sleeping between damp sheets or working in badly ventilated rooms. It is well known that many racegoers, especially the jockeys, sleep between the blankets when patronising strange hotels, to avoid the risk of rheumatism, and this plan might be followed to advantage by all who value their health. As I have said many times before, too much eating and too much drinking, with too little exercise, plays havoc with our Turfites, and we must take all possible precautions

against vitiated air and damp. I believe the drainage system in the majority of our race-enclosures is perfect; but, to make a surety doubly sure, carbolic powder should be freely used periodically, and not only when a race-meeting is about to take place. "Health before wealth" should be the motto of our Clerks. Is it?

*The Viceroy's Cup.*

The Indian "Derby" is run on Boxing Day, when the race for the Viceroy's Cup takes place, and is the leading event of the racing season in India. The coveted Cup was sent out from London some time ago. Its rich surface-decoration is kept in low relief, and does not interfere with the beauty of the outline. The Cup is Renaissance in style, and a spirited racing-scene occupies the principal panel in front, the reverse being used for the usual inscription. The Cup was supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of 22, Regent Street, and 73, Cheapside, E.C.

*Billiards.*

Racing-men have of late been taking part in billiard handicaps at many of the chief London Sporting Clubs. Many Turfites play the game well, as they ought to do, seeing they are in good health and training the whole year through, and it is a very common thing to see breaks of fifty, and sometimes of a hundred, made in the Clubs. I hear from a professional player of repute that many of the Society ladies play billiards very well indeed. He says they excel at the cannon game, and are successful with the losing hazards, but not so fortunate with the winning hazards. It seems the ladies can play a good winning game, but they break down badly when matches are going against them. There are one or two Society ladies who are good pool-players, but very few, and, according to my informant, none of them are successful when playing "shell out" or pyramids.

*Mannerisms.*

It is interesting to note the little mannerisms of some of our racegoers. For instance, Lord Marcus Beresford often stands with his stick across his back, lodged between his arms, and he affects the tooth-pick. But a more remarkable case is the one of an owner and jockey both nibbling away at tooth-picks while a race is being decided. This happens when George Williamson rides one of Mr. Harry Heasman's horses. Mr. Coventry, the official Starter to the Jockey Club, invariably puts the crook of his stick to his mouth when walking. Mr. Watson, the Editor of the *Badminton*, generally fixes his eye-glass before a race starts; so does Lord Rendlesham. Mr. Mainwaring, the Handicapper, who has lost the sight of an eye, can always be seen arranging his telescope just on the start of a race; and even the Judge, Mr. Robinson, finds relief when waiting for the white flag to drop in focussing his field-glasses. But the man who scoops in the shekels, Mr. R. H. Fry, never uses glasses, and he seldom looks at a race; but he always casts a glance at his book after the result has become known.

CAPTAIN COE.

## PRESENTATION TO ALDERMAN SIR JOHN BAKER.

The magnificent silver-gilt casket which we are enabled to illustrate has just been presented to Alderman Sir John Baker, containing the Freedom of the Borough of Portsmouth. The design, it will be seen, is entirely suited to a great naval arsenal and port. This is indicated by the dominating figure surmounting the whole design, having a civic crown upon her head, a screw propeller in one hand, and an anchor in the other, with



A MAGNIFICENT SILVER-GILT CASKET PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN BAKER.

Photo by G. West and Son, Southsea.

ordnance, rudder, &c., at her side. The casket was designed and modelled by Her Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, London, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

JUST as if Parisians had been surfeited with the Gargantuan feast of frocks provided for them by the fashion-makers at the Exhibition, the tastes of Lutetia seem to trend towards a sombre simplicity this winter—albeit a costly one, black cloth, supplemented with all possible and seemingly impossible combinations, being a first-



[Copyright.]

A STUDY IN BROWN AND GREY.

favourite, while black and white, which was often declared to be the ideal admixture of colour by the late Empress of Austria, is also a widely popular form of investiture. Fur is more prominently visible on costumes than it has ever previously been, and there is no doubt that the introduction of broadtail, or "Breitschwanz," as the Berliners call it, is mainly responsible for the lavish use of furs on our garments, its extreme suppleness and delicacy harmonising equally well with cloth or furs of more enduring quality. I deprecate and deplore the merciless destruction of baby animal life which the procuring of broadtail is accountable for, just as one regrets, while inevitably admiring, the osprey and egret of feminine fancy and the hunter's ruthlessness, or appreciates the dainty "baron d'agneau au lait" which *gourmets* discuss at Savoy or Carlton dinner-tables, regardless of the fact that fortnight-old lambs must leave a blank in the maternal sheep's heart.

Broadtail, beyond doubt, was a tremendous "find" to the mode-making artist who first discovered its possibilities towards decorative dress, and that it is exceedingly costly and wears but moderately well is no deterrent to the smart woman of ample purse who wishes for what is new, newer, newest in an ever-increasing crescendo. White broadtail, which has, so far, not made an appreciably great appearance in this country of fog and smut-ridden atmosphere, has a great vogue at the moment in Paris, an impetus to which popularity has been, no doubt, given by Mdlle. Brésil's incomparable costume in that popular piece,

"La Bourse ou la Vie," at the Gymnase. Her little bolero of white caracul, lavishly overlaid at the edges with thick ivory guipure, knotted with black velvet ribbon in front, has demonstrated the *chic* of these little coats, and many *mondaines* have gone one better by ordering themselves coatees of white broadtail, which, with embroideries of black jet or revers of black broadtail or sable, are now pronounced to be all that is of the most elegant. For skating or cold-weather wear, the introduction of white reindeer-skin gloves gauntleted with ermine has been quickly followed by success, and, in the universal fondness for golden detail which the Parisienne has taken to her soul even more than we of Britain, I have seen even veils spotted with tiny gold thread surrounding the chenille spot, and the heavy Chantilly-lace veils which *élégantes* still affect are now interwoven with very fine threads of gold. Wide, square lace collars are also worn over fur coats, and have, usually, the pattern outlined in gold; they give a smartness and finish to the sombre richness of fur which dressmakers have been too slow to realise. The bell-shaped sleeve does not appear on so many newly made gowns as it did two months ago, and for the relief the possessors of average arms will—or ought to—give much thanks. The bell-shaped sleeve could have been resuscitated only from the novelty point of view, and its decadence was foregone. It is unbecoming, uncomfortable, and unpractical, showing, moreover, the least æsthetic part of the arm. In the matter of sleeves, I contend, with Worth, it should be everything or nothing. Half (or elbow) measures are no more successful here than in other situations and conditions. The woman



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE EMPIRE-GOWN IN WHITE SATIN.

with a beautiful, rounded, smooth-skinned possession may revel in her proprietorship, and wear a wisp of lace or a string of beads on her shoulder with some sense of eternal fitness; and for her of meagre parts or protruding proportions, does not the shapely veil of the protective lace sleeve assume the character of a friend in deed and need? Most



assuredly. While on the subject of laces and chiffons, it may be set down here that the cloud-like, diaphanous effects of our evening-gowns are slowly giving way to a more substantial order of materials; so that prospective purchasers of such war-paint may usefully bear in mind that under-dresses of mousseline-de-soie and over-dresses of lace, sequined and embroidered, are no longer in the last cry of millinery evolution. We are again inclining towards magnificent brocades and greatly embroidered silks of stability and gorgeous exterior—an order of things which has the inestimable advantage of never appearing dirty or bedraggled, as did so much of our recently worn finery, after, perhaps, being used only four or five times. In the matter of petticoats, elaboration continues to hold its own, and laces, ribbons, and chiffons flow up and down or in wavy lines all over those ornate matters of millinery.

For day-wear the uncommon fashion of velvet petticoats, in rich, bright colours, has been introduced; and very handsome they look, either contrasting or matching in colour the cloth skirt above them. I met some days ago at Princes' skating-place, for instance, a dull olive-green faced cloth gown, which, when lifted for walking, disclosed a petticoat with many tuckings made of velvet two shades darker than the gown. It all formed a delightful harmony. One word of advice, moreover. These velvet skirts should be of the best possible quality.

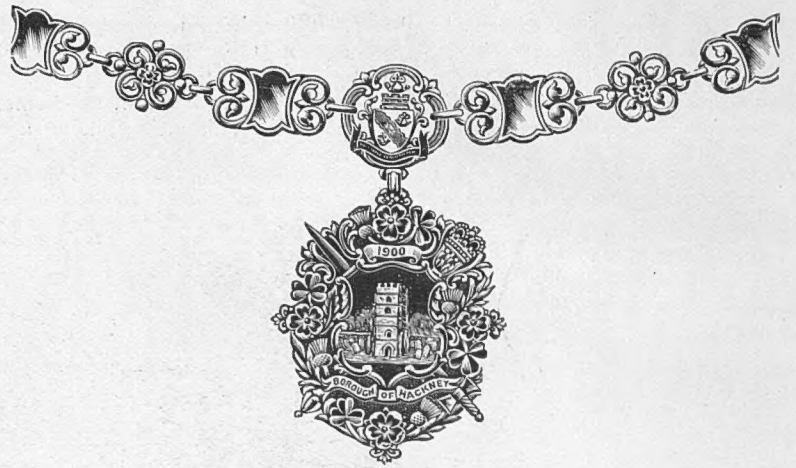
This Empress-gown of white satin which forms one of our artist's designs this week, with its trail of pink roses and crossed sash of real lace, is a very glorified version of this picturesque form of gown, while the sable-trimmed grey cloth is an original and highly effective manner of treating two colours whose union has been sanctified by the High Priests of Fashion.

One more attraction has been added to this entirely attractive village since the opening of the gorgeous lounge at the Hôtel Cecil, which took place on Saturday, to the accompaniment of a very smart gathering, an excellent orchestra, and an unimpeachable supper. There is no possible doubt that a spacious Winter Garden, where men can smoke their calumet in unhurried peace, and women scrutinise each other's frocks and diamonds at luxurious ease, is the crown and *clou* of the after-dinner hour, or supper, as the case may be. The addition of the Cecil's superb new lounge, with the celebrated Roumanian Orchestra which made such a sensation at the Great Exposition in attendance every evening, will add one other very definite joy to life in Town; and when it is furthermore mentioned, in the interests of the discriminating *gourmet*, that M. Paillard, who gave his name to the world-famous Paris restaurant, has undertaken the superintendence of the Cecil restaurant, it will be readily realised that our biggest Metropolitan hostel is doing things in the biggest and best possible manner. The restaurant and lounge were crowded with the smartest section of the gay world on Saturday, and the courteous Manager of the Cecil, Mr. Judah, may be felicitated on the practical appreciation which has followed his latest departure.

Whenever a new reciter first bows before the great British public, I am in the faint though ardent hope that the mantle of Brandram or Clifford Harrison may have fallen on the newcomer, a hope often renewed and oftener disappointed. Accordingly, when Miss Violet Murray announced a first appearance on Wednesday evening, I betook myself to Steinway Hall and heard the beneficeaire in various stock pieces, from Mark Antony's high-falutin', beloved of schoolboys, to Lady Teazle's classic gibes at poor Sir Peter. Each number was painstakingly rendered, and a feature of the concert besides was the violin-playing of Herr Hermann König, while Mr. Eaton Cooter's undoubtedly fine baritone was somewhat handicapped by a choice of unattractive songs which did not show off the capabilities of his voice sufficiently.

Before closing my medley this week, I am tempted to ask the interest of well-bestowed women in the St. Marylebone Female Protection

Society, at 157, Marylebone Road, an institution that does much quiet and unostentatious good work and deserves all the encouragement charitable and kind-hearted persons can give it. Clothing, subscriptions, books, and magazines—help, in fact, of any kind—is needed to assist the good work, which reaches the deserving members only of a section of



CHAIN OF OFFICE OF THE MAYOR OF HACKNEY.

our population often more sinned against than sinning. Lady Edith Cotes, Hon. Mrs. Dealtry, and Hon. G. M. Glyn are on the Ladies' Committee, while the Secretary and Matron, Miss Godwyn Hopkins, will readily give all information and particulars to anyone applying who may be inclined to assist, in ever so small a way, the truly Christian work of this little Ark of Refuge in Marylebone Road. SYBIL.

#### A NEW MAYORAL CHAIN.

The handsome chain of office of the Mayor of Hackney, Viscount Horncastle, is represented above. The chain consists of fifteen shields connected by links of scroll and floral pattern. The badge consists of a representation of Hackney Church, mounted on a background of blue enamel, and encased in a scroll border. Note also the emblems of England, Scotland, and Ireland—that is, the rose, thistle, and shamrock—pierced and modelled. Running through the badge appear models of the sword and mace signifying the office of Mayor, and the badge is embellished with ribbons bearing the inscriptions "1900" and "Borough of Hackney." The badge is attached to the chain by a link representing in true heraldic colours the arms and motto, "Audaces Fortuna Juvat," of Viscount Horncastle, and supported by scroll decorations. The design and work have been admirably executed by the well-known firm of Mappin Bros, 66, Cheapside, E.C., and 220, Regent Street.

#### ONE REPLY TO LORD ROSEBERY.

One great London firm did not need the Earl of Rosebery's stimulating speech predicting a coming Trade War between the nations to stir it into action. In order to prove the superiority of English-made goods over those made in any other country, and to disclaim the stigma of conservatism which has been placed on English manufacturers in the music trade, Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons set to work in earnest. They have produced ten new models of pianofortes, each "the nearest approach to perfection yet attained," to quote the words of an eminent critic. They have pushed their trade to the four corners of the earth by sending one of their managers to study climatic conditions and the requirements of the people in all the Colonies, with the result that the rains of Colombo and the heat of Western Australia are alike unable to affect their instruments prepared for those latitudes. Messrs. Brinsmead are reaping the result of their foresight by receiving orders far faster than they are able to execute them, and by the fact that about one-third of their enormous output is shipped to our Colonies. They are thus doing their best to maintain universal harmony.



THE NEW LOUNGE AT THE HÔTEL CECIL.

Lord Decies, one of the heroes whose return from South Africa has been welcomed with peculiar fervour both by friends and neighbours, is among the most popular of North Country peers, as was his father before him. He is, of course, an offshoot of the great Beresford family, being descended from a brother of the first Lord Waterford, and during the Boer campaign Lord Decies has shown himself a true fighting Beresford, and three of his brothers, including his heir, are soldiers. The future Lady Decies, Miss Gertrude Willoughby, is a very charming girl, devoted to animals, and it has often been said that, had she cared to do so, she might have taken up in real earnest the professional training of animals.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.*

## THE POSITION.

**D**ESPITE the fact that the Settlement passed off without any visible mishap, things have not improved, and the tension of the Globe smash is by no means over. In the Westralian Market the dealers stand about, and neither do business nor want to do it, for, until the Rossland and Kootenay Special Settlements are over, each man distrusts his neighbour, and rumour's busy tongue makes free with even the most solvent.

The Bank Return was certainly comforting, and the news that gold was likely to be shipped from New York would, in ordinary times, have hardened prices all round, but it takes a good deal to do that just now.

The truth of the matter is that the House has got a bad fit of the blues, on top of which the news of the Queen's illness has upset everything. The worst of the news from Osborne was not known in business hours, and, if the great misfortune of Her Majesty's death were to overtake us, we quite expect to see Consols down to 95.

It is in such times as this that the investor with money and pluck picks up his bargains, but he must not be disappointed if he does not get in at the bottom. More people miss their chance because they cannot bear to pay anything but the very lowest price than from any other reason.

## THE GLOBE LIQUIDATION.

The agreement between the creditors, which ended in Mr. Justice Wright sanctioning a supervision order, makes it probable that the proposed reconstruction will be carried through, unsatisfactory as it may be to all classes of persons interested. The proposals have been accepted by the creditors upon the principle that the evils they know of (which

The Champion Reef is not only the largest producer, but, with ore returning on an average 1 oz. 10 dwt. per ton, is the highest-grade mine on the field. The Mysore and the Nundydroog are the only other companies whose ore yields over an ounce to the ton. The Balaghat mine has come well to the front during 1900, having more than doubled its output, and increased the average grade of the ore milled by some 6 dwt. per ton. The requirements of the Preference shares have been satisfied for the half-year ending June, and with an increase of stamps the Ordinary shares appear within reasonable sight of a dividend. The Coromandel has not only increased the output, but shows a very material improvement in the value of the ore milled, which, at 11 dwt. per ton, makes the mine once again a payable one.

It is said that, when the scheme for the transmission of electric power from the Cauvery Falls is carried out, there will be a saving in fuel alone of about £120,000 a-year, but, under the most favourable conditions, this cannot take place for a couple of years. In view of the new issue of Mysore capital, it does not appear likely that the dividend can be increased, but, in the case of the Ooregum Company, there has of late been a slight increase in the grade of the ore milled, which might lead to better things. At least, we can say of the Indian mines that they are honestly managed on a proper scientific basis, and are not the sport of dishonest cliques.

## ARGENTINE BONDS AND STOCKS.

The flatness of markets in general causes the strength of Argentine Government Bonds to stand out all the more prominently, and, from the rapid way in which prices are now going ahead in this department, it is evident that more peaceful times in the Stock Exchange would bring a rush of investors to this section. Dealers in the market are quite aware of this and are buying up all the Bonds they can secure for themselves, public interest having at last become awakened to the possibilities of a further sharp rise in Argentine securities. We have on several occasions

GREAT BOULDER.

HORSESHOE.

IVANHOE.



A VIEW ON THE KALGOORLIE GOLDFIELD.

mean 10s. in the pound) are preferable to those which might otherwise happen to them, for what the assets are and how they would "pan out" if forced for sale, is one of those mysteries that remain unsolved. Under the new Act, the difficulty with dissentient shareholders can be got over, as now, for the first time, the members of a company are brought within the scope of the Joint-Stock Companies Arrangement Act, and the minority can be bound by the majority. We do not know whether it is proposed to put the new machinery in motion in this case, and it might be as well therefore for those shareholders who do not wish to pay a further five shillings to give the necessary notice of dissent on the chance of getting paid out. It can do no harm, and may get them part of their money.

Should the actions against the members of the Lake View Syndicate ever reach trial, a most interesting story would be unfolded, but that the threatened litigation will ever be really carried to trial we do not for a moment expect. It is probable, however, that the much-vexed question of a stockbroker's liability to his client for the due carrying-out of the contract will be settled in the Law Courts, and it will be a real public advantage to get so often disputed a point disposed of. To one firm of brokers upon current contracts it will make a difference of nearly £15,000.

## INDIAN MINES.

We have before now said in these columns that the record of Indian gold-mining is an eminent example of the fact that this industry can be carried on to the public advantage without either the manipulators who have brought discredit on Western Australia or the millionaires who are the curse of South Africa, and a few weeks ago we gave the opinion of an eminent mining-engineer as to the reason.

How steady and consistent are the returns of the principal mines may be judged from the table we subjoin, showing the detailed output for the last year and comparing it with the year 1899.

Company.	Gold, 1899. Oz.	Gold, 1900. Oz.	Dividend, 1899.	Dividend, 1900.	Price, 1899.	Price, 1900.
Champion Reef	159,101 ...	163,464 ...	12s. 6d. ...	13s. ...	6½ ...	5½
Mysore	155,786 ...	163,135 ...	8s. 6d. ...	8s. ...	6½ ...	5½
Ooregum	61,373 ...	81,369 ...	2s. ...	4s. ...	3½ ...	3½
Nundydroog	43,674 ...	48,739 ...	4s. ...	4s. ...	3½ ...	3½
Balaghat	7,555 ...	15,509 ...	Nil. ...	5 p.c. Pref.	24s. ...	22s. 6d.

suggested that the Silver Republic's Bonds were quite unduly depressed, and those of our readers who bought stock on our showing need be in no hurry to sell it. The word with which the market is conjuring is "Unification," and, although nothing definite has been decided so far, there seems good reason to suppose that the various outstanding Bonds known on this market may be resolved into a single Loan. Moreover, the Sinking Fund came into force again, after its suspension, on Jan. 12 last, and proprietors of the Bonds have now the chance of being paid in full.

The improvement in Argentine Government Bonds has not been accompanied to any extent by a similar movement in the Railway stocks of the country. This, of course, is due to the comparatively poor showings made by the principal lines for the last half of 1900. Exceptional circumstances militated against the good traffics which, six months ago, seemed likely to accrue to the companies from June to December. Not only were there the locusts to contend with, but the weather proved more unreasonable than ever, drought alternating with floods in a manner that might well have proved disastrous to the lines. That they were able to make as good a showing as they have done is the surest sign of intrinsic strength, and, with a return to more normal conditions, the Railway stocks and shares should be among the first securities in the Stock Exchange to recover from the dulness which has overtaken them by reason of bad luck abroad and bad times in Capel Court. The market presents an excellent field for the choosing of cheap investments of the second class.

## SOME FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

Continuing the subject which we began a fortnight ago under this heading, we would reiterate the caution which we then gave, namely, that those who buy stocks that yield 5 per cent. on the money invested must be prepared to take a risk commensurate with the interest obtained. Consols at the present price pay about 2½ per cent., after allowing for reduction of interest and for redemption. The difference between 2½ per cent. and 5 per cent. represents in some degree the margin of the risk involved.

The Miscellaneous Market presents many opportunities for obtaining



a fairly secure 5 per cent. investment. On purely Industrial concerns this rate should be considered a minimum, except in a few isolated cases. But it is quite in the natural order of things that on Bryant and May shares the purchaser should get almost exactly  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for his money. The investment is a good one, and the price of the shares liable to decline only upon agitations that generally die out about a week after they arise. Now remarkably low, the quotation carries the dividend to be declared next month, which is likely to be 7s. 6d. per share. Another Industrial paying about the same rate is English Sewing Cotton 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference, the middle price of which is a guinea. Bradford Dyers Preference shares, bearing the same rate of dividend, are the same price, the actual yield being £4 14s. per cent. Bodega Ordinary shares pay a round 5 per cent., but the company, of course, has to face constantly increasing competition; in spite of which it manages to hold its own very well. Kodak 6 per cent. Preference do not look dear at 22s. 6d., and on these the return is a little below that which a buyer of Lipton Ordinary would receive, the latter yielding nearly  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. C. Arthur Pearson Preference, which we have frequently suggested as a sound commercial investment, pay as much as  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the money.

#### YANKEE RAILS.

There can be no doubt about it: the boom in Yankees has burst, for the time being at all events. No more is the gay bullish rumour reported, no more talk is there of big consolidations, amalgamations, working arrangements. Even Mr. Harriman's forecast (according to the newspaper correspondents) has failed to prevent Unions dropping away in sympathy with other shares, and they are well away from that 100 dollars which this latest tipster is said to talk them to. The fact of the matter is that we have had rather too much of the American tip just lately. Barely a fortnight ago, Milwaukeees were rushed up to 168, by five and seven dollars per diem, upon a reported union between the Erie, Northern Pacific, and Milwaukee systems. For over a week the market stood on the tiptoe of eager expectation, and the "deal" was to be concluded at any moment. Then came a bland denial of the whole story. Baltimore and Ohio, frantically tipped as safe to buy on account of a coming merge with Readings and Central of New Jerseys, were swung aloft for exactly so long as the insiders wanted, when it was announced that the amalgamation of the last two lines could not affect the B. and O. Erie Preferred from 31, their price last September, rose straight away to 70 with barely a break, on the news that a dividend was to be declared—an "increased dividend," one of our evening contemporaries amusingly puts it, no distribution having been made on the shares for years past. The *canard* does its duty, and then is quietly shuttered by an official notice saying that the dividend is postponed, till what date is not mentioned. It would be a quite simple matter to go on multiplying these examples of lying rumour, but these few we have mentioned are enough to show that a great part of the recent strength of Yankees has been manufactured by purely artificial (we desire to be polite) aids. The American boom has run its merry course; it has rendered the London Stock Exchange an excellent service by supplying the one bright spot at a time when other things looked dismally black, and it has enabled a good many British holders to realise handsome profits on shares which stood in their books at a loss. By-and-by, the time will come to have those shares back again, but it is not yet, not yet.

#### ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

##### The Stock Exchange.

The exhibit effect—the outward and visible sign—of the distressful state into which recent matters have plunged the House is revealed most plainly in the curious air of stillness which seems to hang over the markets. In ordinary days and times there is a perpetual cheerful buzz, be business never so bashful, but now even that seems to be going. You hear no longer the pleasant chink of handfuls of silver softly rattled (for obvious reasons); you miss the little rings of playfulness which are always being formed, always breaking up with laughter; there is an air almost of melancholy settling down upon the House, and it is most wretched. Fortunately, this week will be a little better, because the latest day for hammering on the Mid-January Settlement was Saturday, and, by degrees, the Stock Exchange will, no doubt, recover its wonted spirits. It is known that many heads have been pillowed on friendly financial bolsters, and next Account—But I will draw the sheet, lest the accusation of being a wet-blanket should be levelled at my head—which would never do.

The Home Railway dividends declared so far—that is, up to Saturday, Jan. 19—are not startling in either direction. The Metropolitan showing is a distinctly bad one, and the stock does not look cheap even at its reduced quotation. Midland Preferred Ordinary, some 6 points lower, is certainly the better purchase. Electrification or something else is badly wanted from the stockholders' point of view, and the District wants something still more badly. Personally, and speaking as a season-ticket holder on the District, I don't quite see why any change should be made, or how electrification can make that company pay any less badly than it now does. West of the Mansion House, the line is not as black as it's painted—not half as unspeakable as the Metropolitan for misery, not a tenth part as wickedly unpunctual as the badly managed Great Northern; neither does it possess that taste for vagaries possessed by the Southern lines. The only hope of salvation for the District Company is a decrease in working expenses, and, if a large amount of fresh interest will be required for the service of new capital, I fail to see how the last state of the District is going to be better than the first.

Now that a member of the House, Mr. A. C. Doxat, has gained the first "V.C." which has ever fallen to the Stock Exchange, we may hope that the Managers will make some move in the matter of commemorating those House men who are, or have been, at "the Front" during the present wasteful War. (Isn't it strange how a passion for alliteration gets the better of the most Radical Conservatism!) Upon one of the many pillars in the Stock Exchange let the honourable names be inscribed; their very presence would be a wholesome antidote to the practices of some—I did not mention the American Market—who have no scruple in enriching themselves at the expense of their fellow-members. Surely the Managers can afford to spend a few pounds upon having the necessary work done in the institution of a Stock Exchange Roll of Fame; they

ought to be able to, anyway, seeing that the entrance-fee for clerks who want to become members after four years' service has been raised from 150 to 250 guineas. It is not for me to say that the new rule is a bad one. Perhaps it may be just as well to place some limit on the ever-increasing army of candidates for membership, and the number of beardless boys who take up the full responsibility grows something appalling. I hate beardless boys myself.

For some reason or another, the succession of suggestions to buy Americans shows distinct signs of coming to an end. Your latest-formed friend no longer implores you to sell your collar-stud and buy Wabash B, nor does the man at the Club take you aside and whisper "Milwaukeees!" in a tone of tearful tragedy. Greatest interest now centres round the dividend on Erie First Preference shares, officially declared to be postponed. There is, of course, no earthly reason why the payment should be put off, seeing that the company has sufficient cash in its coffers to declare 6 per cent. instead of 4. But the Erie wire-pullers can do as they please, and, if they are still buying the First Preference, we may take it that the dividend will be put off until they want to sell. Apparently they are content to hold the shares for the present, and as rumours will, no doubt, be sedulously spread from time to time that the dividend is to be paid, perhaps, for a gamble, Erie Firsts are amongst the least risky to bull on a sharp break. The general market has a tired appearance, and the heavy influx of dealers from other departments has swollen the Yankee department beyond all its old bounds. Contradictory though it appear, the Yankee Market is the most English of the active sections in the House. The foreign element has not penetrated into its fastnesses to any great extent, and, if I were Shorter's Court, I would present a petition to the Committee demanding the exclusion of all aliens from the market. This would not be high-handed—not a bit of it! Did not the brokers of the reign of Edward III. do the very same thing? In those days they called themselves "brocours," and dealt in other stocks than "Milks" or Louisville; but they did not mean to tolerate alienism in their midst, and they got a Bill passed all "their way," too! Parliament, it will be seen, was of some practical use in those days.

With all its good men behind it, the West African Market is not going to smash up yet, that's absolutely certain. The dealing is still so largely of the "shop" description that selling of any particular shares by one man is generally the signal for a drop in all others connected with the same company. It is so much of a wild gamble that one hesitates to recommend anything as suitable for a speculative purchase; but, if people must have West Africans, I would suggest Sansu, West African Gold Trust, or Abomephs as likely to score decent advances. The wise people, however, do not buy West Africans unless they can afford to pay for them and lose the lot if things go badly. For myself, I should be very sorry to take "The Jungle Hunter" as an exchange pseudonym for

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE GREAT EASTERN REPORT.

It is too early to take stock of the principal Railway reports, but considerable interest attaches to that of the Great Eastern, which is the first company to make public the details of the half-year's working. The receipts were (allowing for a change in book-keeping) underestimated by about £20,000, which, on a total of over three millions, is not much out of the common. It is the expenditure that excites the interest. This has increased by the large sum of £168,000 (again allowing for the alteration in the form of the accounts), while the percentage of working charges to receipts has risen from 57.5 to 61.9, or over 4 per cent. It was known that the coal bill would be very largely increased, and, as this was looked upon as a temporary drawback, it is disappointing to find that, of the total increase, only £67,300 is attributable to this cause. Coal on one side, the receipts have improved by £82,000 and the expenses by over £100,000, of which the principal figures are wages £34,000, and materials £37,000. It is probable that the rise in prices may have a great deal to do with "materials," but "wages" cannot be looked upon as anything but a most serious trouble, and, considering the friction between the company and its employes, one likely to increase rather than diminish. Altogether, the detailed figures are less encouraging than the dividend led us to expect.

Saturday, Jan. 19, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. S. C.—The Newspaper shares appear to be a good investment, if you want a steady dividend. We can see no possible chance of this being in danger. The Theatre shares are speculative, as you may judge from the rate of interest they return. All such things depend on the success or failure of plays, and we cannot tell you whether the management will make a mistake or not. It is really, to a great extent, luck.

C. B. B.—We cannot recommend you debentures which are readily saleable, non-speculative, and will return  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. You might buy Globe Telegraph Trust shares or Imperial Continental Gas Stock, or see our Note on 5 per cent. investments this week.

HASLEMERE.—The business is a good one, but we must really decline to prophesy as to the course of the market.

CENTRAL CANADA CHAMBER OF MINES.—The space at our disposal prevents us from reproducing the extracts you send.

SHEFFIELD.—See answer to "Rossland" last week. Your broker seems to have dealt with the same jobber as in the case of that correspondent.

BANK.—If you are not frightened by the liability (of which there appears to us no danger), you could not do better than spread your money over the three Banks you name.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Have nothing to do with John Hutchinson and his precious circular, and especially avoid his Jungle tips.

J. B.—Your letter last week was unsigned. (1) In all probability, you will be merely throwing good money after bad by joining the reconstruction. (2) The stock of jewels is rather undervalued, but a large holder of shares has died and some thousands of pawned shares will have to be disposed of. It is also thought that the War and its cost are against the jewellery trade. (3) Despite the favourable reports, the market considers this concern as very speculative, and rumour says that the question of bad debts will some day have to be faced. We hardly like to advise you to go deeper into either Nos. 2 or 3.

H. B.—You should be all right with the brokers you name. We know they are most conservative. As to the Railway Stocks, we cannot see much in their favour, and prefer South-Western Deferred or North-Eastern Ordinary to either.